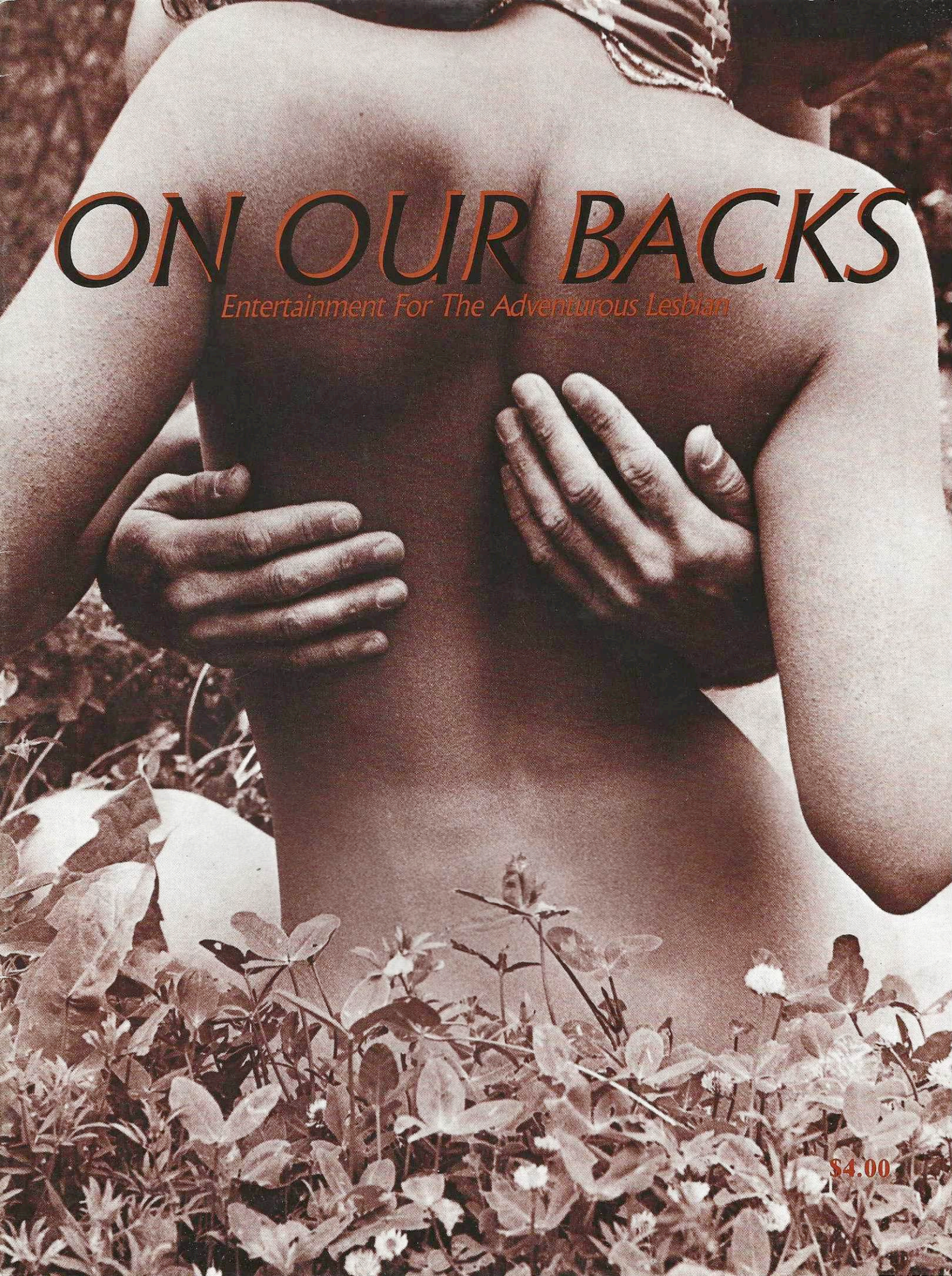
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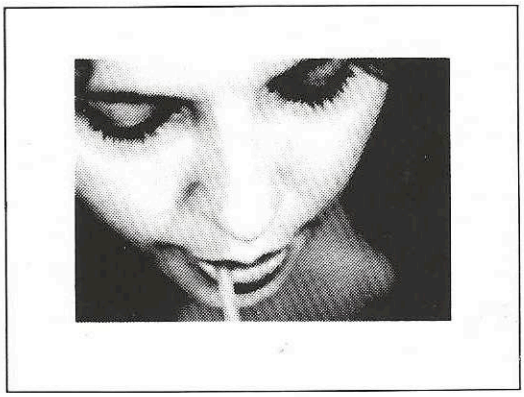

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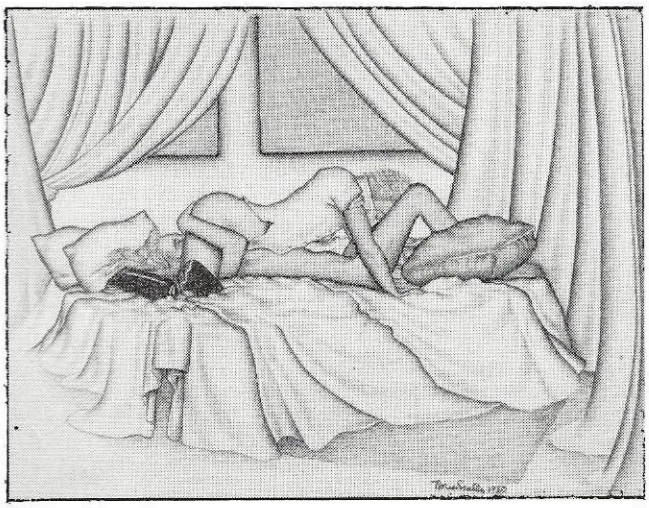

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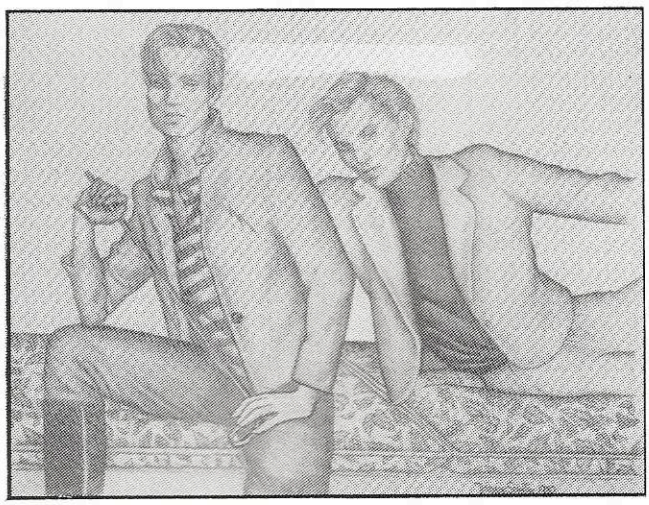

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Fall 1984

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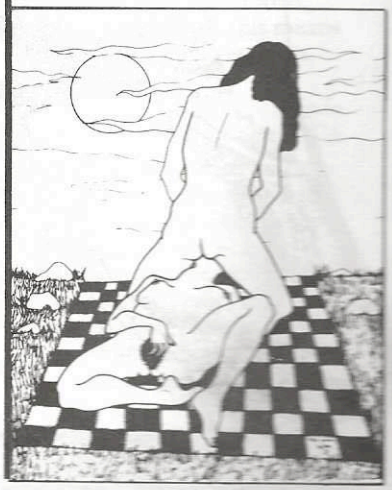

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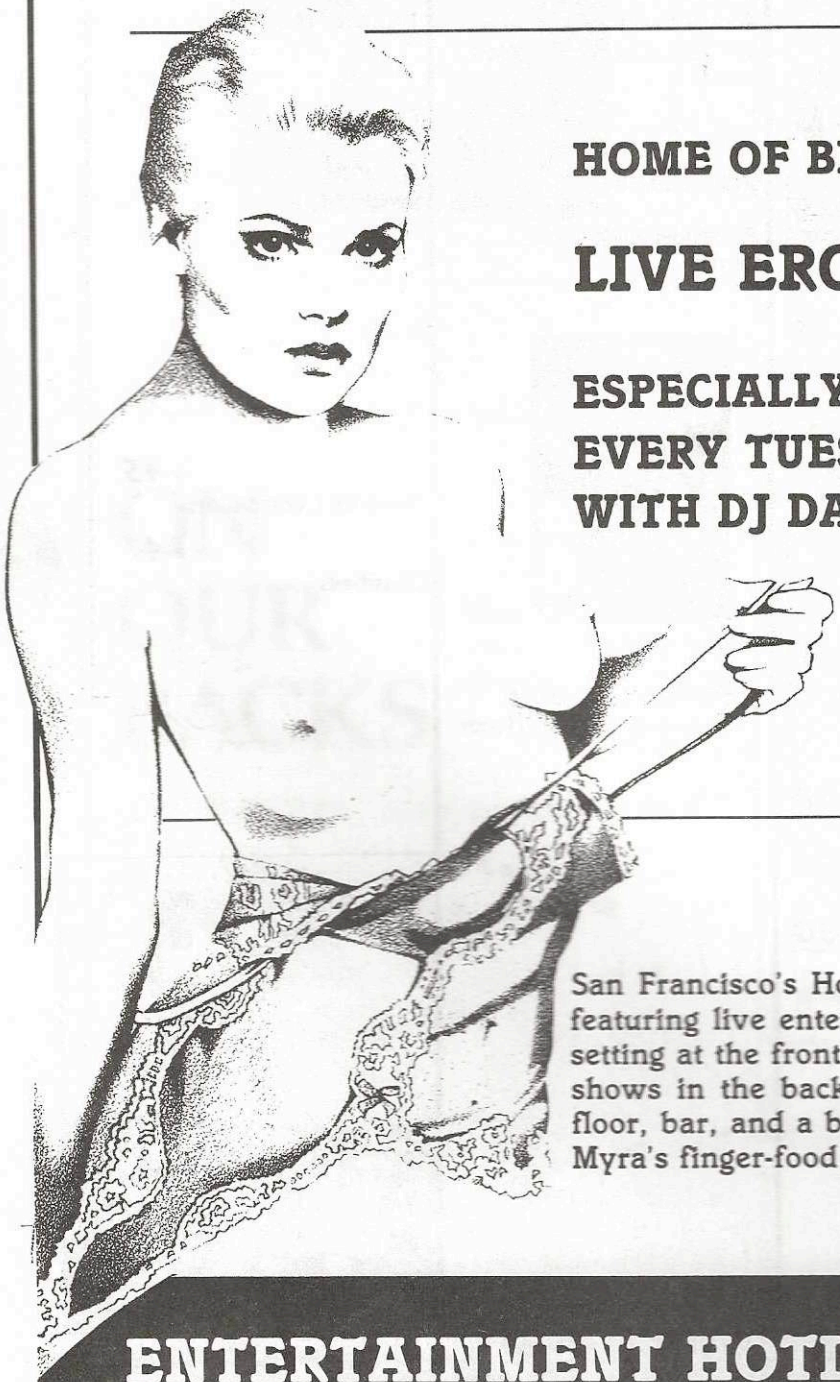

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LETTERS LOVE/HATE/LUST

Congratulations. On Our Backs has been a long time coming out. I'm happy to see someone has finally done it. A magazine for the adventurous lesbian is just what we need. I enjoyed the stories so much it prompted me to take hand to clit and relieve the tension.

The poetry was inspiring and the art in great taste. The woman on the cover is fascinating in that she arouses me to such a high degree. You can tell her for me that she has a wonderfully kissable back. I need not even see the front.

Beth
Philadelphia, PA

I got a copy of OOB on Gay Day & there have been several melt downs. It is wonderfully adventurous & fine — also great photos!

I hate the name — aargh — might work on something satirizing straight sex, but het sex is already such a bad joke.... You should have a joociful, merry name.

So keep on cumming with all the pussy galore, any & all fetishes & raunch — but please hold down the pain threshold. Real pain, suffering & finally death are part of it all no matter what we do; the stagey stuff is just another opiate. I vote for more laughing and jokes & cartoons too.

So thanks and to all of you I say "Clits Up!"

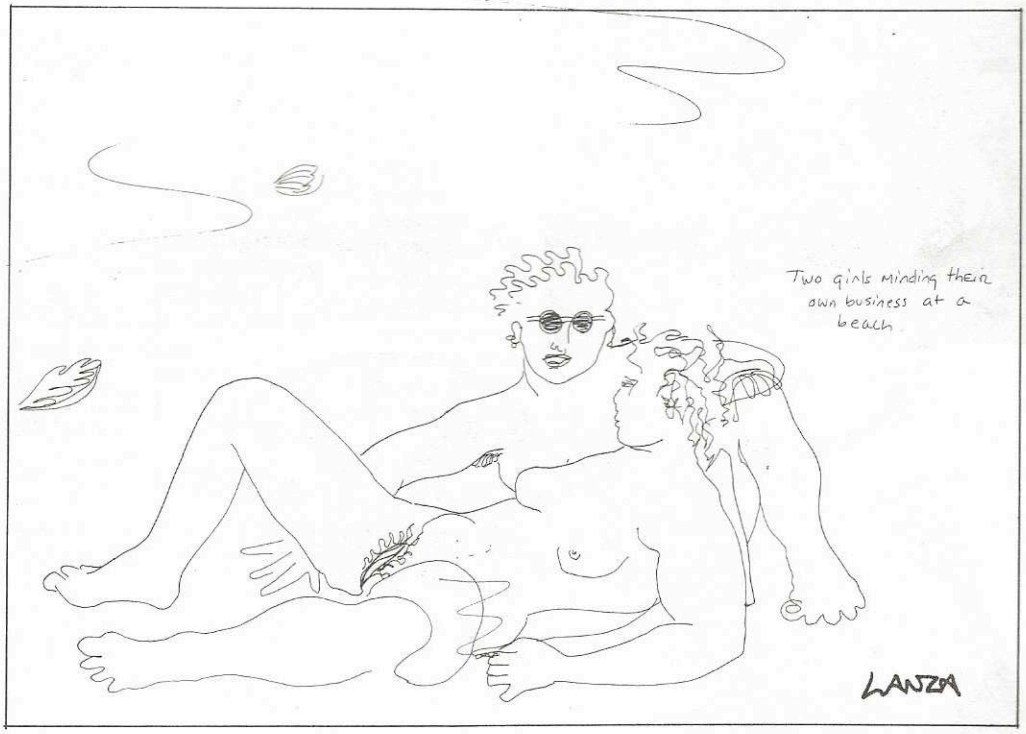
with L & K
Celeste West
Arizona

$700 in sales receipts were stolen from On Our Backs *at our booth at the San Francisco Gay Day Parade. An announcement through local gay papers drew many sympathetic responses and $200 in donations. Our deepest thanks to all of you! A sample letter follows:*

I read Dianne Gregory's review in the *Bay Area Reporter* about your first issue. Congratulations!

I also read of what can only be called a damned rip-off at the Gay Parade. Enclosed is a (small) check — it's what I can afford. No, I don't want a copy, but I sure do think that lesbians and gay men ought to help each other out more. Good luck with your second issue!

John D.
San Francisco



We'd like to recommend a game to you and your readers: group limerick writing. Any number can play. Each player writes a first line, passes it on, writes a second line, and so on. At the end of a round, you have as many limericks as players, and each player reads one aloud. Here are some of our results:

A flighty young lady named
  Cassie,
Was caught with a
  neighborhood lassie
In a pose indiscreet,
So she ran down the street
With nary a stitch on her
  chassis.

A reverend whose handle
  was Jones
Announced in quite sorrowful tones,
"The Good Book says no,
To Hell will you go
If you touch your erogenous
  zones."

There once was a candlestick
  maker,
Who wanted to marry a
  Quaker.
She said, "With your wick,
You can't do the trick,
And I much prefer Betty the
  Baker."

Yours in fun,
Nancy, Claudia & Christine
Berkeley, CA

For years we as lesbian-feminists have been fighting male pornography. This struggle is not only for lesbians but for all women and children who are subjected to sexual abuse. It shocks and abhors me to find that women have stooped to the same methods of selling.

I know you obtained my name and address from the National Women's Mailing List and I know that they cannot censor everything so I am asking NO telling you to get me off your list. I hope NEVER to see something like what you are selling in the name of lesbian liberation again.

Donna
Washington, DC

Your new publication is outrageous! Wonderful! Erotic! Stimulating! Fun! And, just what I've been waiting for! Thought I was the only dyke in the whole damn world who loves erotica! What I'd give to see a lesbian-only strip show! And, I will! Guess this means I'm out of the closet again, doesn't it!

Linda
Pacific Grove, CA

I, by chance, had an opportunity to enjoy your first issue of *On Our Backs*. How different — bold — and wonderful to see (for my first time) women enjoying women. You must understand that I'm from the southeast, and a small rural

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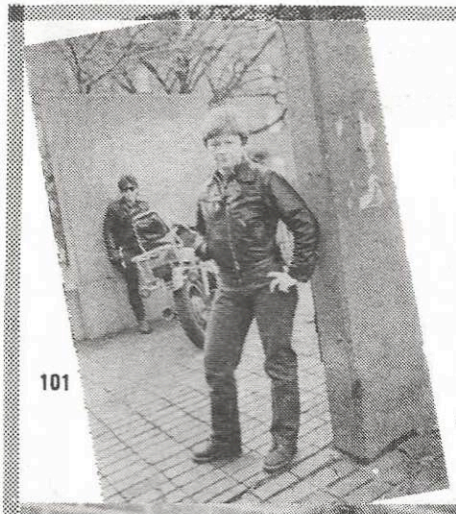

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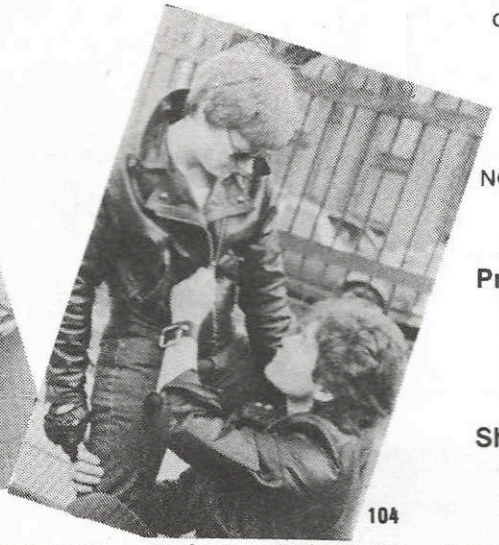

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Continued from page 3

area where people would just as soon shoot queers as to get to know them. Needless to say, I'm closeted at most times except around a few very close friends. Even more, my love and I are monogamous and have been together 12 years (I'm 33).

Please feel flattered because I refuse to write letters, but I am inspired by your magazine. I have many questions, many that are quite naive and you will consider silly, but I would like a response. My homosexual world is much too conservative and small to allow me the same experiences you have lived or seen — so here goes:

1) Was the Bulldagger of the Season a real center-fold for perusal — excitement — or as a satire on heterosexual centerfolds. Please excuse my naivete because I really don't understand. It may sound strange, but it seems that if someone were attracted to someone that butch that they may as well be attracted to a man. (It's obvious that my world is limited and that I haven't met any real butches, huh?)

2) In the story "*Phantom Knights*" a woman becomes involved with two other women — or was one of them a man? I understood the one who sexually had had intercourse from the rear then later took the dildo off, but I didn't understand her sucking the other man/woman until he "came". Do some people find excitement in having their dildo sucked? Do some dildos "come"?

3) What exactly is a leather store and what do you do with the articles? — the chains? — what are s/m techniques? Does this all fit together — leather, chains, s/m techniques? Do people really use "Hankies"? What is a shit scene, victorian scene, piercer, bondage?

I look forward to the next issue. I find your magazine fun, interesting, sexually exciting and educational. Thank you for your commitment to women.

With warm feelings,
K.
Wandiver, AL

Editor: Thank you for your questions. Will try our best to answer them:

1) Bulldagger of the Season was made to tickle your funnybone as well as your clit. Honey Lee seems to be widely adored or despised, with the most popular reaction being "Can I be the next centerfold?" Send your photo resume, gals!

Honey Lee's girlfriend says to tell you that she would never find her lover's qualities in a member of the male species. Masculinity in a woman is just as hot an item as our more feminine side.

2) "Phantom Knights" was a gender-fuck fantasia for butch-femme afficionados. Yes, some lesbians love a good dildo blow job. Opening one's mouth for anyone is a vulnerable and potentially arousing experience. Our resident sex toy expert, Miss Bright, tells us that yes, some dildos are designed to fill up with fluid and then ejaculate when you squeeze the bulb. It's very similar to a turkey baster and, in fact, some lesbians have found this very item a handy tool to "masterbaste" with.

3) Check out our leather fashion spread for some of the possibilities. For a more thorough answer to you s/m questions, we recommend reading COMING TO POWER, an anthology of lesbian s/m essays and erotica (Alyson Press, Boston, MA). Have fun!

Excerpts from readers survey

I like articles about the other lesbian lifestyles and sexual experiences. I'm always amazed about how typical I am after a little outside input. Also, that I'm not the only one who loves sex as a lesbian because it feels so good and not because I'm so political —

Marianne
Grand Rapids, MI

Is there a rainbow hanky? Loved all the ads. Some stories I make no judgments on — we all like different things. Loved Honey Lee — does she ever come to Phoenix? *Regina, Arizona...*

I want a "femme" centerfold! More women of color, photos that really tease and made me wild! How about group lovers? *Maggie, Boston...*

Whole issue is a splendid aid to masturbation! Thanks! *Liz, Tallahassee...*

How about some acknowledgment of bi women? More from Jewelle Gomez (nobody does it better) — *Sherry, Seattle...*

More crotch shots! — *BT, Chicago...*

Less crotch shots! — *JL, Los Angeles...*

Please, more SM everything — *CT, Norwalk...*

Lighten up on the s/m — *TT, Atlanta...*

We love to hear from you, especially about what turns you on. Unless you request otherwise, you name and address will be kept strictly confidential.

ON OUR BACKS

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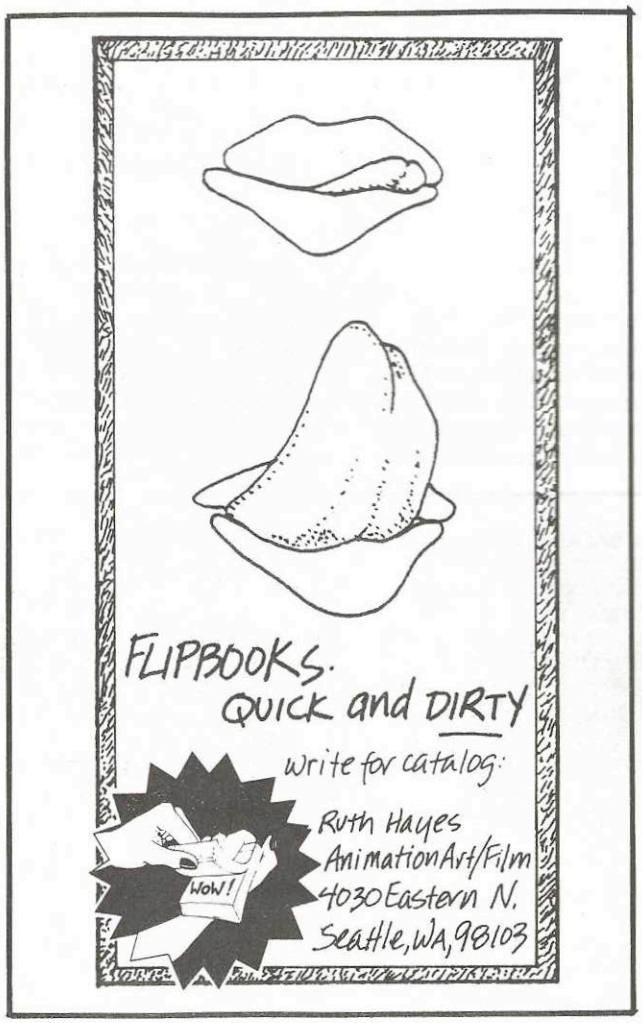
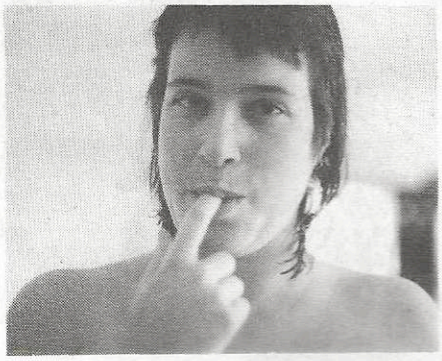
FANTASIES IN THE FIELD

MY LOVER AND I WERE SITTING around one night, watching television and having a few drinks. An ordinary warm summer night. About 9:00 we decided to sit on the front porch for some fresh air. We lived out in the middle of nowhere, and I often walked around partially nude. Feeling a little buzzed, I ripped off my T-shirt and bra. Soon after, my lady began to get horny and started sucking my tits. My nipples were always hard and I knew she loved that. She laid me back on the porch and undid my jeans. I hesitated, — and commented that I heard something out in the darkness. It really wouldn't bother me if anyone saw us, but a stranger who is straight might. Hardly anyone, except friends, ever came by so I rested easy as my lady went on with her seduction. My cunt was already creamy as I felt her soft fingers fondle my clit gently. I was over-powered by her strength and I was extremely horny. She was lusting me as she pulled my jeans off. She quickly, and a bit roughly, spread my legs and I felt her warm breath between my thighs as she teased my clit with her tongue. I moaned loudly and begged her to suck me hard as I thrust my cunt into her waiting mouth. I came right away as she ate me out, her tongue probing deep into my love hole. Just then a woman approached the house, in her 20s and quite attractive. I was surprised and embarrassed, but the stranger assured us it was okay and not to be upset. She said her name was Jerri and that her car had broken down about a half mile down the road. She asked to use a phone. Well, I kind of got the idea that this stranger was looking me over, in a seductive way. I let it slide, figuring I'd just had too much to drink. I mentioned it to my lover while Jerri was on the phone and we joked about making her a slave. Jerri returned and explained that her ride couldn't get here for at least 2½ hours. She planned to go back to her car and wait. I never turn away a pretty lady, straight or gay, so I offered her a beer. I commented that I was going to dress and Jerri said "how I looked was just fine." It was the way she said it that convinced me about my thought earlier. We all talked, drank up the beer, and soon after gave Jerri a grand tour of our home. She was thrilled about our king size waterbed and the mirrored ceiling. I casually asked it she'd like to try it out. The worst she could do was to say No. As I hoped, she said sure, but not alone. That's all my lady had to hear. She approached Jerri, touched her gently, running her fingers through her hair. I stood quietly and watched the two of them embrace in a passionate kiss, their tongues tasting every drop of their heightened anticipation. Jerri began to undress my lover and lowered her mouth to her tits. I moved in and undid Jerri's Levi's, exposing a soft, clean-shaven pussy. She was already dripping wet as my hand found its way to her honeypot. A chill went through me as the smell of her sweetness overcame me. Eventually we were all undressed and I laid Jerri back on the bed and started kissing and caressing her body. My lover couldn't wait to get between our guest's legs to taste that sweet clit. I got real hot watching Jerri moan and squirm under our touch — I almost climaxed from the excitement. She took her hand and began rubbing my already hard clit. I wanted this stranger to fuck me, deep inside. I couldn't take the teasing so I pushed myself down onto her long fingers. First one, then two, were deep inside my cunt. I pumped Jerri's hand until we both came together. All three of us joined for a kiss and Jerri proceeded to put my hand down. She spread her legs wide and dove into my baby's soft mound. I straddled my lover's body and lowered my wet pussy onto her waiting mouth. I faced the direction of the action so I could watch Jerri sucking away at that huge clit I knew so well. I lowered my mouth to Jerri's and together we devoured that cunt. My woman began bucking and moaning as she came wildly. We sucked her dry. Seeing that our friend was ready to go for more, I sat up and sent some looks to my lover that it was time to really have fun. I pushed Jerri down on the bed once again and the two of us tied her down spread-eagled. A slight look of fear passed over her face, but quickly faded as I gently massaged her breasts and thighs. I got out my 8" vibrator and started to rub all around that sexy shaved pussy. My lover was using her lubricated finger to penetrate Jerri's ass. I don't think she knew what to expect. But it didn't take too long to realize how good it felt to have two women pleasing her. Naturally she was soaking wet, and by now, begging to be fucked. I entered her tight pussy two or three times very slowly while running my tongue over her clit. I had the urge to bite her cunt lips but I only nibbled. She was so tasty I couldn't get enough. My lover lowered her dripping cunt onto Jerri's mouth and ordered her to suck it hard and good. She had no choice but to obey. I had to fuck myself 'cause I couldn't stand the excitement. Jerri came in my mouth like a waterfall and that set me off. I yelled at her to lick my woman's clit and drink her love juice down. That moment she let go and Jerri didn't lose a drop of that cream.

I wanted Jerri to suck my pussy. I wanted to feel her strong tongue licking my ass and probing deep in my tight coozie. My lover strapped on a dildo and had no problem entering this new cunt. Jerri smiled as the dildo slowly pumped her. I asked her to lick my clit and help me to cum once again. She was more than eager to please me. I said some dirty things and told this bitch to piss the bed; to pee all over the "cock" that was in her dirty cunt. Her breathing increased, and seconds later a strong gush of warm pee lay under all of us. Jerri and I came together twice while being fucked and sucked. She looked content yet was eager to thank my lover for a great fuck. The two of them stepped into the bathroom, as I watched close by. My lover sat down to pee. Jerri watched her very closely as the warm liquid ran out of her hole. Still on the toilet, my lover spread her legs and let our guest literally dry her pee-soaked pussy. I saw her head lean backward and her eyes close, a smile coming over her face. I knew she was cumming quite nicely. We all showered and found it hard to keep our hands to ourselves while doing so. Soon after, our friend left with her ride, thanking us for a memorable experience, and promising to return in the near future. ◄

The Fantasy Correspondence column is for our readers to share their most secret sexual fantasies. Penn off a titillating tidbit to us anytime.





G-SPOT JITTERS

Dear Susie Sexpert,

I can't find my g-spot, and I've looked everywhere. I wouldn't even believe the stupid thing existed except that my girlfriend gets off on hers everytime we make love. She loves to get fucked hard in this special area, and then when she orgasms, she squirts out come like a fire hydrant. It looks like so much fun. Why can't I find mine?

Miserable in Miami

Dear Missy,

Your girlfriend must have been one of the women the research team mentioned in Dr. Beverly Whipple's book, *The G-Spot*, the little paperback that's caused such a fuss. Halfway through the text, Dr. Whipple thanks a special group of Miami lesbians for sharing their g-spot experiences with the curious doctors.

While *The G-Spot* was reassuring and enlightening for women who orgasm through vaginal penetration, it left other women skeptical and worried as to where this magic elevator button is and how it works.

The more complete picture is that the Spot is actually a Sponge, a little spongy body that fills with blood during sexual arousal and also surrounds and protects the urethra from undue pressure. This area is a couple of inches above your pubic bone and in front of your uterus. An outstanding illustration of the whole business can be found in *A New View of A Woman's Body*, illustrated by Suzann Gage, which is the best self-help handbook to come out since *Our Bodies Ourselves*.

A New View of A Woman's Body takes a more comprehensive view of the g-spot, calling it the urethral sponge and defining it as part of the clitoris. By this they mean that the clitoris is not just a little nubby spot peeking out of a hood, but rather that the clitoris is an entire system of sexually responsive parts which extend internally along the vaginal wall surrounding the urethra and parts of the bladder: erectile tissue, muscle, nerves, and blood vessels. Consequently, while every woman's clitoris is sensitive to sexual arousal, each woman is different in terms of how she likes to be tickled. Some women like stimulation on the head of their clit, some want an intensive g-spot rubdown, and others want the flat side of a tongue on the left side of their labia! Our cunts are strong individualists. Sure, you have a g-spot, but that may not be your cup of tea.

Still, you say, you feel like you're missing out on all the fun. The old sex motto, "Practice Makes Orgasm", can once again be applied. When you're alone, try using an insertable vibrator or dildo to reach your urethral sponge/g-spot. Remember, it's not very far up, but it's tricky to reach with your own fingers unless you have long digits and a short vagina. If you're with a partner, have them insert fingers while you lie on your belly. Press, rub and pitter-patter the spongy portion of your anterior vaginal wall. Feel like you have to go the bathroom? Perfect! Keep pushing on that sensation, feel the sponge grow harder and larger, imagine you are going to flood the room with your orgasm. A lot of women get hung up at this stage because of their reluctance to wet the bed, make a mess, embarrass the relatives, etc. Too bad! It's now or never to have your very own, self-righteous, it's-about-time, g-spot orgasm.

Some women will come this way without ejaculating anything. Others will say that they're too busy being happily clit-tickled or ass-fucked to bother with any g-spot gyrations. For women who do come with an ejaculation, this fluid is not urine, but rather a substance just like semen only without the sperm. The whole scholarly intention of the g-spot book was to prove that women and men are more sexually similar in their biology than our culture implies, and I agree with them. The g-spot/urethral sponge is analogous to the male prostate gland, which is an orgasmic area for men reached through their anus instead of their cock.

Isn't sex fascinating? I hope Ms. In Miami finds her sexual niche, wherever it may be.

A TEXTBOOK CASE

This quarter's column is full of reading suggestions, and I hope you'll be reading for the final exams in our winter issue. One absolute must for your bedroom library is Betty Dodson's *Self-Love and Orgasm*, originally released as "Liberating Masturbation" in 1974. Either edition is timely to the point of explosion!

Who is Betty Dodson? Who else turned the New York art world upside down with enormous drawings of women's genitals? Who else has personally led 5,000 women through their first orgasm in her notorious jerk-off groups? And who else can you imagine calling their own mother to check up on whether she was masturbating to orgasm?

Self-Love and Orgasm is the female bible of self-sexual pleasure. For any woman who has difficulty or anxiety over orgasm (and there are as many gay as straight), this handbook is invaluable. For avid masturbators, Dodson is endlessly refreshing with her humor and insight.

Self-Love and Orgasm, the second edition, is an updated 1983 version with

Continued on page 35

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GRAPHIC / **LAURIE WHITE**

Don't touch that dial! In December, 1982, a group of Australian lesbians discussed their sexuality during a gay radio hour on station 2SER in Sydney, Australia. The Australian Broadcasting Tribunal (the equivalent of the FCC in the US) was not pleased with the following sex special broadcast, and declared that the program was indecent and obscene; constituting a breach of contract in the radio station license. Station 2SER was reprimanded with the threat that this incident will be reviewed again when their license comes up for renewal.

Let's tune into...

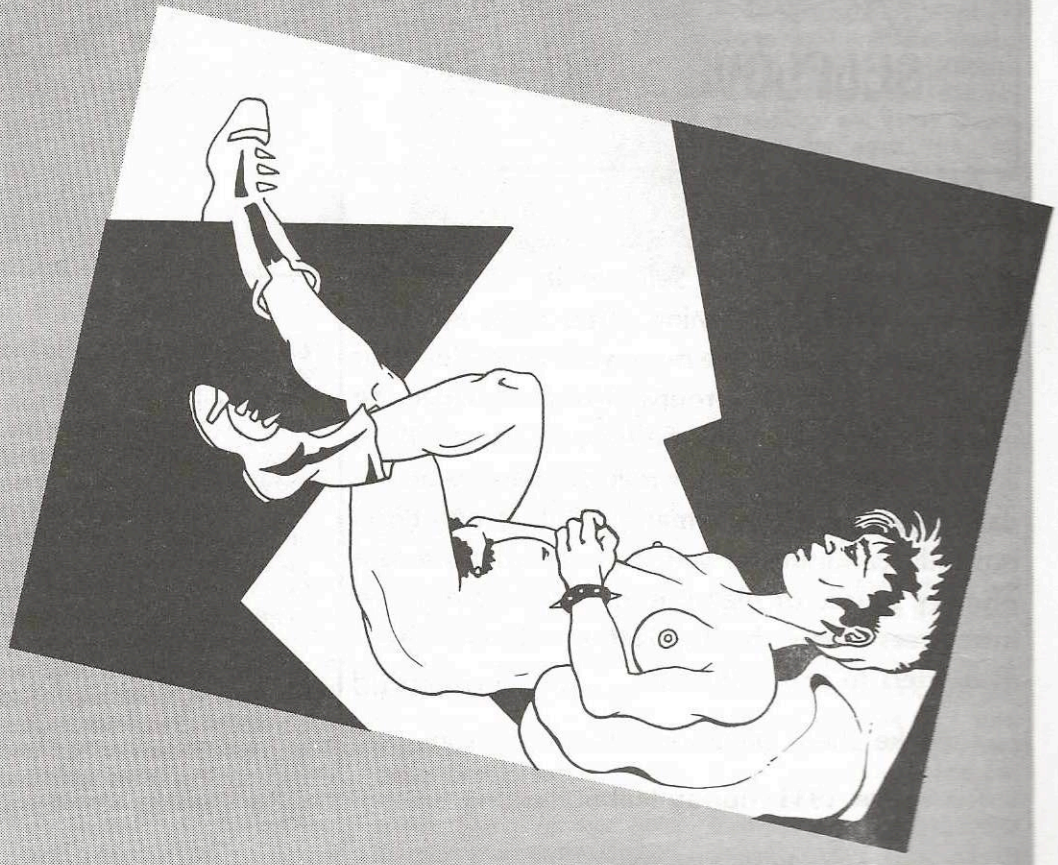
The Lesbian Sex Special

► ***BETH*** : Nipples.
► ***MAX*** : Tits.
► ***LANA*** : Tongues on cunt.
► ***SAL*** : Wet nipples.
► ***PAULA*** : Round ones.
► ***CORY*** : Erect nipples.
► ***JEANNIE*** : Nipples under a T-shirt.
► ***S*** : The question:
► ***M*** : Do you want me to tell you how lesbians do it?

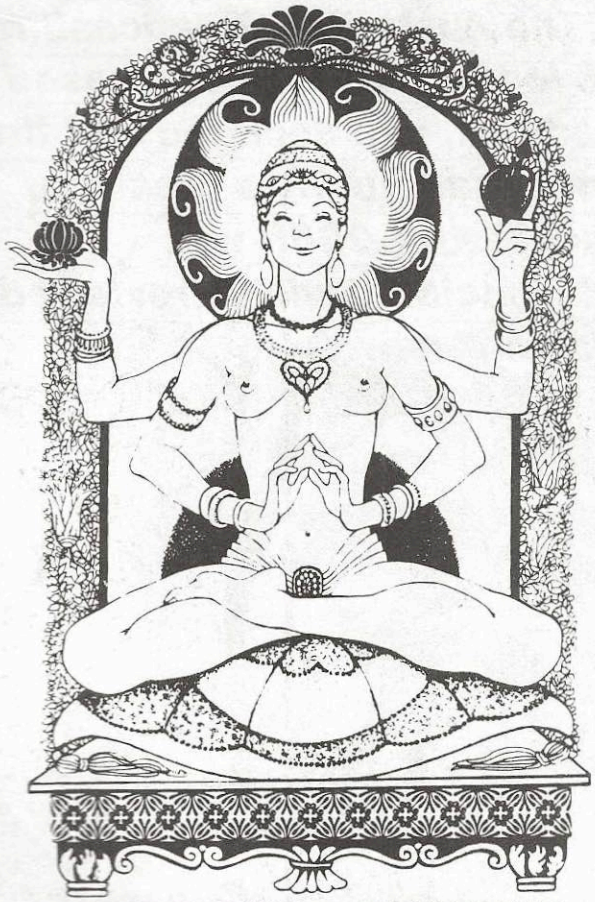
► ***B*** : I personally like penetration a lot, but I know many women who don't enjoy it at all. By penetration I mean the thrusting of fingers into my cunt. I very rarely have an orgasm when a woman is licking my cunt. I think I have had an orgasm a total of three times when someone's licking me, and it's always a surprise.

► ***S*** : I have to feel like I'm in control in order to come. I am wary of calling anything a sexual problem, but I wonder if this is one. I like to lie on top of a woman and you know, wiggle about, to get off. Underneath, or on top I do not mind. But I always feel I have to control what is happening.

► ***J*** : She danced me into a



BETTY DODSON



SELFLOVE & ORGASM

Betty Dodson first published *Liberating Masturbation, A Meditation on Selflove* **in 1974. Fortunately, teaching is learning. After eight editions, 150,000 copies, and nine more year's experience of running her Bodysex Groups, she has replaced the original with a new book.** *Selflove & Orgasm* **(1983) is filled with her well-known erotic art plus an update on all the sex information. Betty's new book not only continues to validate masturbation as a primary source of pleasure and selflove but also introduces a new chapter dealing with addictions as barriers to sexual growth.** $5.50 postpaid.

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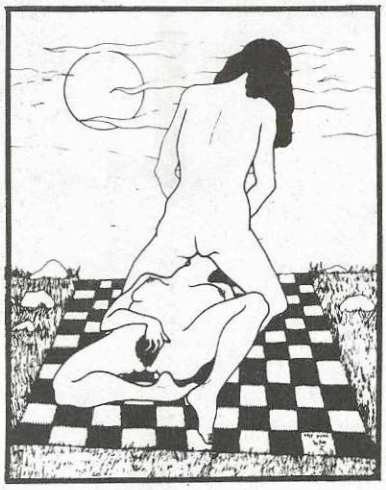
"How does that feel?" she whispered in my ear. "Did you know you are dancing all over the place? Let me do that again. No, take your hand away..."

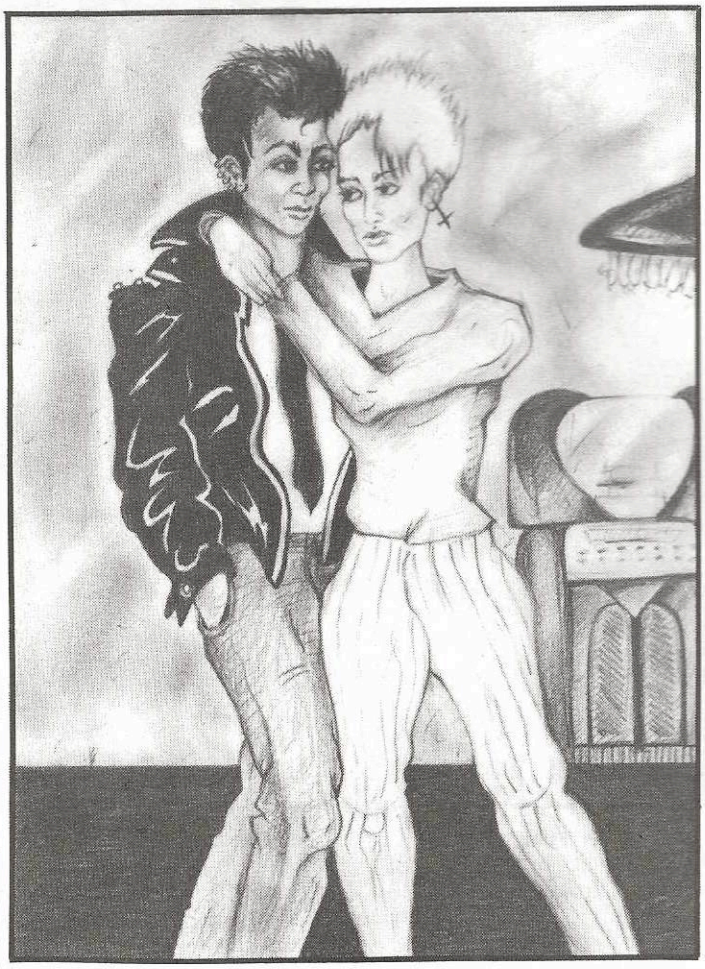


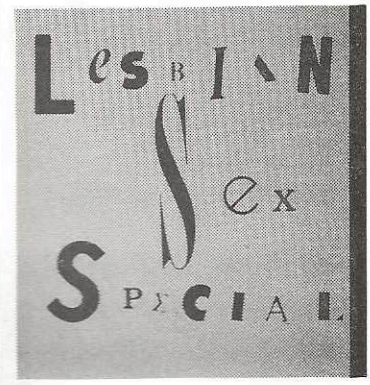
dark corner, kissing me up and down between my ear lobe and shoulder. Her lips were soft. She took little nibbles of me. Now, she pressed me against the wall standing between me and the crowd. We kissed and she slipped her hands under the thin fabric of my blouse to fondle my breasts. My nipples responded instantly to her touch; pointed and hard like little pine cones. She used her tongue in my mouth and I could not stop my hips from responding. She stroked my back and belly and kissed me again and again, pinching my nipples and squeezing my breasts. "How does that feel," she whispered in my ear. "Did you know you are dancing all over the place. Let me do that again. No, take your hand away..."

► ***P*** : I think licking is very important. Not only the so-called sexual areas, but all over the body. Sucking toes, etc. Also, why are we talking about sex "in bed". There are a lot of other places to have sex. For example, the front door. A person comes to the front door and throws you on the ground, or stands you up against the wall, or in the shower, or in the kitchen — the kitchen table, you know.

► ***J*** : Kneeling over me with a breast near my mouth you say "Suck me now." You press your

Kneeling over me with a breast near my mouth you say, "Suck me now." You press your breast into my compliant mouth and I suck you alright. Then you jerk away and leave me panting.





breast into my compliant mouth and I suck you all right. You begin pulling away from me but my mouth is still anchored to your firm breast. Then you jerk away and leave me panting. You begin massaging your own breasts, playing with your nipples which are like two hard rocks by now. You are still straddling me and you start rocking your pelvis back and forth while with one hand you continue to play with your own nipples. You slowly finger your clitoris with the other. I am trying to arch my back so I can touch you with my hot, wet vulva. The friction of your soft thighs on my hips is driving me crazy. Your moaning is growing louder. Your eyes are shut and your head is slightly flung back. "Sit on my face" I cry, "Please." So you finally lower yourself onto my awaiting tongue and soon we are locked together; moving instinct. It seems that you could swallow me just now and then...

► ***M*** : My fancy, when I am having sex, is when my cunt is being licked and I start getting this fantasy that someone is swallowing me up but coming inside me at the same time. I get frightened by that occasionally, just because of the idea that it is a desire for fellows. Still, it really turns me on.

► ***G*** : In the early days of lesbianism I used to hear, "women are better with each other because they know their own bodies." I always curse it because I was this sexually repressed person who did NOT know their own body, who had *not* had an orgasm, and who did *not* masturbate. Perhaps I am speaking out for those of us who feel sexually inadequate. It can be very hard to ask a lover, "What do you like? What should I do?" For me, on the other end, I often find it even embarrassing to be asked. Someone will say to me, "What do you like?" and I feel like saying, "I don't know."

► ***J*** : I search for the nub of her jeans. I smell for it, grabbing it with my teeth. The denim is harsh, the zipper's cold metal in my mouth. I adjust my grip and pull her with my teeth, dragging her, growling, laughing, sliding her over the floor. Her legs are locking over my back. She is trying to smother me with her shirt. My saliva soaks through her jeans. I am not giving up my hold. She is not giving up her hold. Laughing we move to the bed. We do not let go. We undress each other as we stumble up the ladder, fighting to get there first, stubbing toes, bumping knees in the rush.

► ***L*** : Talking about what you like to do, I find that kissing usually is the tell tale. If someone is really good and efficient in kissing, will enjoy simply kissing for ages, then invariably they are going to be better at fucking. I hate prissy kissers with closed lips, or sloppy kissers who are loose and slack. The art of kissing is to me the beginning of the rest of lovemaking.

► ***C*** : Do you not think that anytime you are feeling lust, in fact there is always a little part of love? Even if it is for one hour, one night? If an affair is good, then even for a small time you really feel love for the woman.

► ***M*** : But as women we have been denied the right to feel lust *aside* from love. It is "okay" to fuck with someone when you are in love. But there are also times when you can feel lust first and love very little. There are times when you have been lusty with someone and you have not necessarily liked them. It's okay to do that, to feel neither or both. ◄

OLIVIA

BY BARBARA RUTH

OLIVIA STIFLED A YAWN, BORED by the talk of whips and dildoes. It wasn't what she'd come for.

She closed her eyes and with her mind reduced the conversation around her to mere sounds. Only one sense interested her now. She focussed all her attention into her olfactory abilities.

Who had her bloods tonight? She could smell it, over there to her left, but she couldn't be sure which of the two women it was. But oh, the perfume of it. Olivia drank it in, let herself become intoxicated.

She opened her eyes and looked at them. Both white, around thirty, average-sized, though heavier than Olivia. But then, who wasn't? she smiled to herself.

They were a couple. Their body language, the way they shared the space around them, made it clear.

That didn't bother Olivia. She remembered the time she'd gone to bed with a lesbian couple and they'd *both* been on the rag.

These two definitely looked butch and femme. The butch looked like a country girl — her face all prairies and wide-open spaces. Altogether too wholesome for Olivia's tastes. She felt sure the femme was the one who navigated whatever route they took to arrive here tonight. She exuded a nice/nasty combination of bad girl/sweet thing which Olivia found charming. Brown eyes, curly hair, impudence in the way she held her chin. She actually dared to wear a skirt, slit up the side, revealing creamy thighs. Olivia looked her over, appreciatively. Tasty.

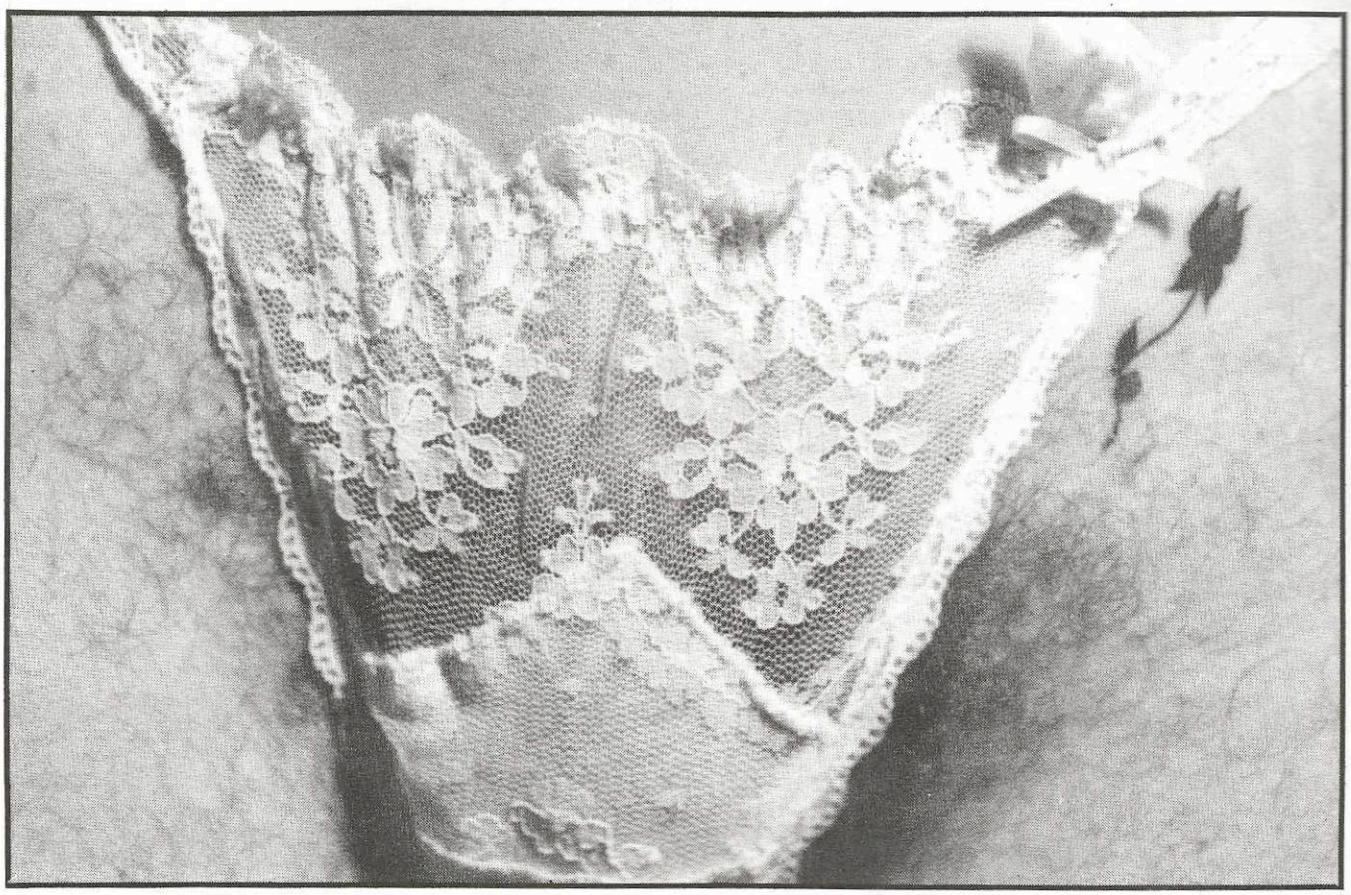
Hope she's the one on her period. Besides her preference for the femme's looks, Olivia knew from experience that sometimes butches wouldn't let you go down on them.

She ran her tongue over her lips. How to get the necessary information?

"Does anybody here notice cyclic changes in their libido?" she began.

Everyone looked at her. Maybe she'd chosen the wrong words. It was so easy

GRAPHIC / LAURIE WHITE



She didn't even bother with preliminaries, just made her way directly to Bianca's cunt. It took her a minute to taste the blood, but there it was. Rich and red and saline. Olivia sucked and tongued and sucked again.

to offend lesbians. "Do you get hornier at some times of the month than others?" she tried.

Again the silence. It was her first time to this lesbian sm group, Olivia reasoned, they didn't know her so they acted upright – the usual response. Women came to these meetings hungry, they claimed, for "new blood." (Olivia had chuckled to herself over that one.) But they regarded newcomers warily. Olivia was a newcomer only to this town. She smiled at the women reassuringly.

A few smiled back, including the two Olivia was interested in. "I get real horny right before my period," the butch said, her eyes aggressive and questioning. I do believe she's cruising me, Olivia thought.

In truth Olivia's primary interest was not lesbian sex. Not heterosexual fucking. Only that one thing...

The conversation drifted back to sex toys and Olivia lost interest.

After the meeting she asked what she now thought of as "her couple" to have coffee with her. They agreed.

"I'm sorry," Olivia said, "I didn't catch your names." Only your smell, she added to herself. Have to find some way to separate them so I can figure out which one has her period.

"I'm Bianca," the femme said, taking her lover's arm. "And this is Jamie."

Bianca. How lovely: bleeding Bianca. Oh let it be true! Olivia half-closed her eyes and drew a deep breath. Yes indeed, she could smell it. She refrained from licking her lips again.

Jamie suggested a place a few blocks away. They travelled in two cars, Olivia following.

The coffeeshop wasn't even tacky enough to be camp. Neon lights, checkerboard linoleum on the floor, artificial milk and sweetener at every booth.

So much for atmosphere, Olivia thought.

Obviously Bianca and Jamie had come to some sort of agreement in the car on the way over. They were both being very friendly.

Jamie began: "How come we haven't seen you before?" Her voice communicated challenge, aggression, seduction. Bianca squirmed in her seat and her blush deepened. Olivia looked back and forth, from one to the other. Whatever their game was, they obviously both got off on it.

"Oh I just got into town," Olivia answered. "I don't actually live here. Just passing through."

"How'd you find out about the meeting?" Jamie asked. Had the two of them agreed to let her do the talking? And what about the question itself? Did it signify more suspicion?

"There was an advertisement in the

Continued on page 38

PHOTOGRAPH / **SEAN REYNOLDS**

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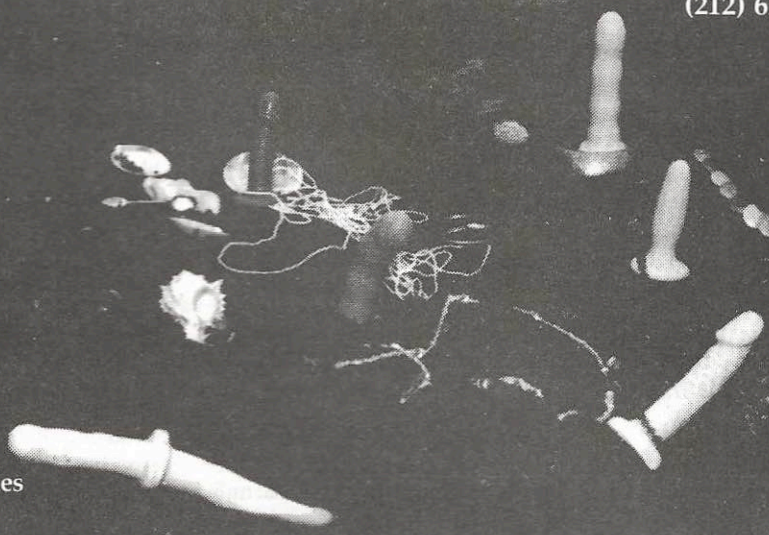

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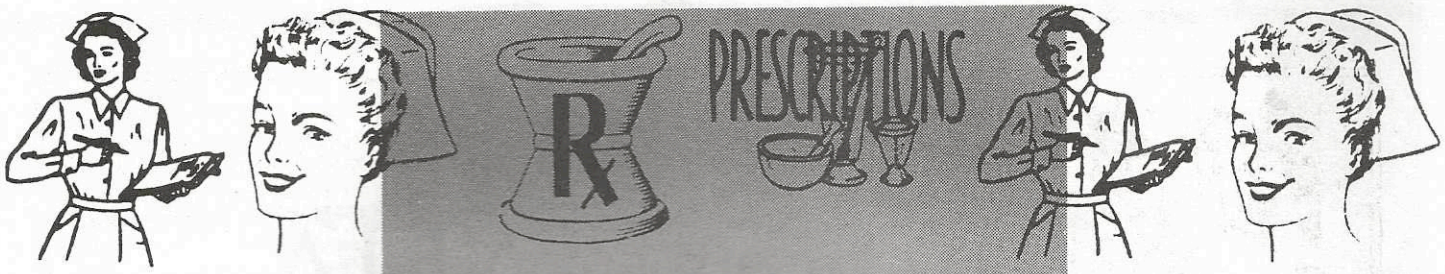


SARAH JEAN HARPER CAME LAST NIGHT

DEBORAH HENRY

A favorite fantasy from the author's childhood.

There she was, little Sarah Jean Harper, not yet ten and already in the hospital. Such a shockingly different environment: white, all white, and the smell of medicine permeating everything.

Here, she had to wear this brief white gown so thin it was almost see-through. It was short, not like the flannel nightgown she wore at home, and opened in the back to reveal part of her bare back and butt. It smelled of bleach, and the rough material chafed her nipples and undeveloped breasts. She didn't know why, but this gown made her feel different. This strange sort of feeling encompassed her body: her throat, her stomach. She could not pinpoint it.

This feeling further intensified when she lay in the large hospital bed. It seemed so exciting to be in this new bed. The mattress was thick, unlike her bed at home, and it smelled of the bleach on her gown. When she slid between the sheets, the "feeling" became strong enough that she knew exactly where it was centered — although the only name she knew for this area was "down there."

She knew she wasn't even allowed to touch that part of herself, except when she was wiping off piss — and then a large wad of paper separated her hand from her clit. Now, for the first time, she really wanted to touch it, to caress it, to rub it hard and feel the small folds; to see what it was like. Her little mound was throbbing when Nurse Sadie Jenkins strode into the quiet room.

"And how are we tonight, Sarah Jean?" said the night nurse upon entering. Sarah Jean only managed a flustered smile. "Come now, let's not be shy tonight," continued Nurse Jenkins as she approached the girl. The gleam in her eye matched the silver needle she held upright in her hand. As the nurse came closer, Sarah Jean felt a strange wetness in her twat... had she just peed?

Sadie reached the bed and with one grand gesture tore the sheet back to reveal Sarah Jean's partially nude body. With careless grace, the R.N. reached down and turned her patient over to administer a shot. In doing so, her more than ample breasts hung right in the girl's face. Sarah Jean had to clench her teeth from biting the beauts that swayed before her, and the scent of this woman was making them even more tempting. The nurse smelled like wild-pineapple cheesecake but with something added. As Sadie turned Sarah Jean over, her soft hand grazed the patient's hairless pussy, and drops of the little girl's juice were left upon her hand.

Sarah Jean could stand it no longer. She had been burning to tear at that just awakened hot flesh, and Nurse Jenkins was making it so very difficult. She twisted away in protest. The needle was not what she wanted. The nurse tried to calm her, at first just patting her hair, and saying "Come now, angel." But Sadie lost patience. The more she tried to calm the child, the more excited Sarah Jean got, thus the more she writhed.

In exasperation, Nurse Jenkins straddled the girl on her back, and buzzed the call button. Another nurse arrived on the spot, and Jenkins called out, "The restraints, Karen!" The meticulous Karen was back in a flash with the restraints and yet another nurse. By now Sarah Jean was in a frenzy.

As two of them held her down, Sarah Jean flailed wildly, grabbing at their tits and trying to kick their twats. She *knew* she had pissed by this time, but she didn't care. Nurse Jenkins wrapped soft cloth around her wrists and ankles, and she found herself bound to the bed, unable to move.

Sadie ordered the other two nurses out of the room. The little girl was still doing her best to squirm, but without much success. The nurse approached her and said, "I know what you need, darlin'. It's just that sometimes when a girl like you gets, well, overexcited, than I have to restrain some of that sexual energy and focus it in more important places... understand?"

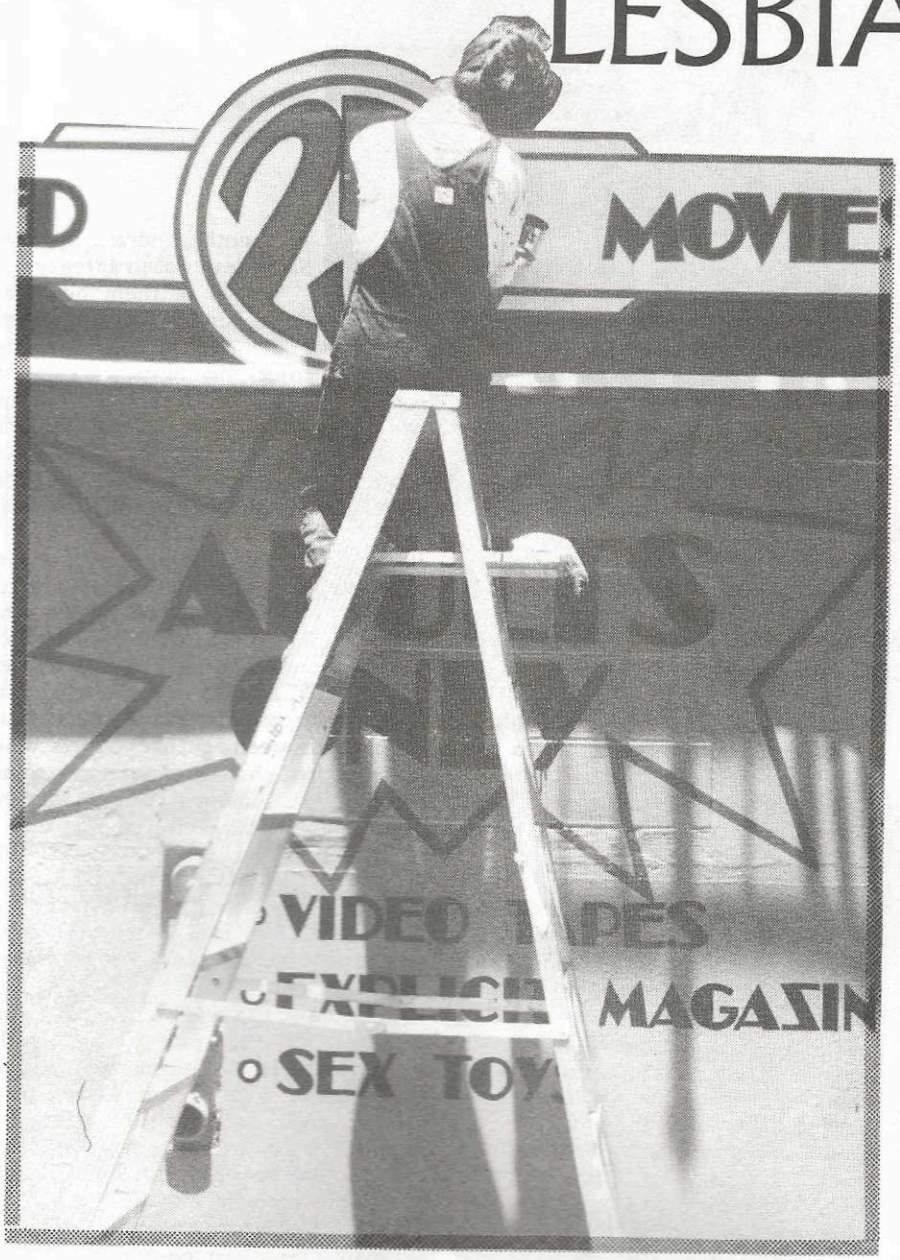
Slowly, gently, Nurse Jenkins started to caress her patient. She pressed her full womanly lips to Sarah Jean's small pouty ones. Sarah Jean had never kissed anything but a pillow. She was amazed by the difference.

Abruptly, the nurse drew away and said, "Now for your precious little snatch, dearie." With that she worked her tongue down to Sarah Jean's own small version and roughed the girl's clit up until it grew to be quite large. She then untied one of Sarah Jean's hands, and with her larger hand over it, guided the child through her own cunt. She guided the little hand faster and faster, until it wasn't long before that tiny clit had swelled to its capacity. Sarah Jean, sweating profusely, heaved back and gave an enormous cry. Before collapsing back into the bed, she experienced her maiden orgasm.

The nurse undid the restraints, wiped her brow, kissed her cheek, and turning off the lights, quietly stole out of the room.

Sarah Jean Harper, for the first time in her life, came last night. ◄

VIDEO LESBIANA



H.L. Cottrell

BY BARBRA LaRUE

I met my first porn star the night Reagan was elected as president. A group of gay artists in San Francisco was producing a weekend of counter-culture entertainment, and I was playing state manager for the 5:00 show: a readers theater number on recovering alcoholics. At the last moment I was told that our light technician was being called away — could I please replace her? I didn't know a damn thing about lights, but I climbed into the technician's loft to find out. There was Tigr. She was a dyke whose sex appeal stood out in front of her like a royal flush. The first X-rated film I ever saw her in, "Coed Teasers," she appeared waving a knife above some poor guy's dick while the other coeds entreated her, "Butch, don't do it!"

But back at the light booth, a year before I ever saw an X-rated movie, I received patient instructions from Tigr on how to direct the spotlight, and then she disappeared.

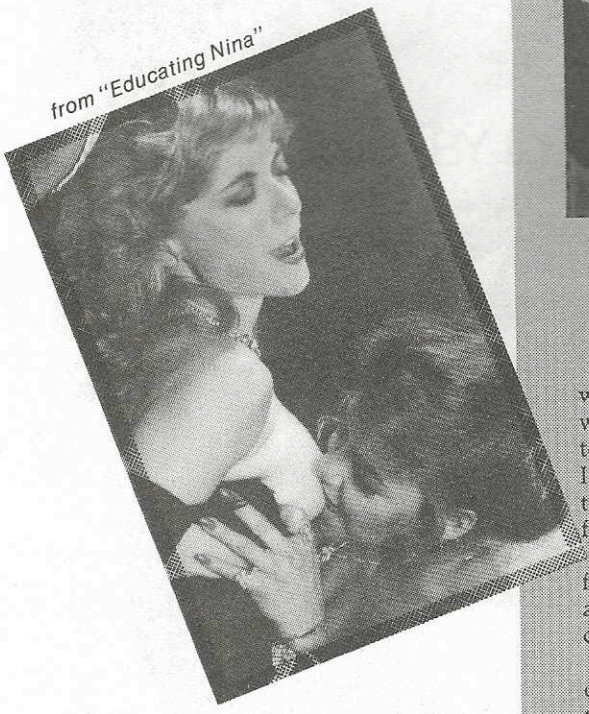
"Disappeared into porn" is what they whispered about her later at our cast party. Was it true? One person insisted she was only a camera-person, trying to get her foot in the union. Another rumor said no, she was performing, and god forbid, cock sucking her way through smutdom. "How did her girlfriend stand for it?"

Months later, my lover got a cashier job at a theater presenting porn films and live lesbian love acts. (In San Francisco it's illegal to have a male erection on stage, but two women can screw each other silly.) Of course, I was nervous going to my first show. We were the only women there not working, and I was petrified that I would accidentally plop myself in a seat full of wet cum. However, once the show began, my attention was thoroughly captured elsewhere. An extremely provocative lesbian couple danced, laughed, bit, kissed, licked and fucked each other with intimate aplomb all over their home-made set. I'm sure I made my own wet spot on the chair. What I saw that night is what I've looked for in sexually explicit media ever since: a genuine sense of lust, a sexual charisma that is contagious, and the ability of partners to convey intimate knowledge of their own and each other's bodies. All characterized in the word HOT.

Finding this hotness is another matter. Much of adult entertainment is boring, dick-centric to the point of a cult, and continually underestimates its audiences' sexual and sensual capacity. The authentic queerness about porn is the degree to which it arouses you in spite of itself.

So where do you find inspiration? The "Live Lesbian Love Act" was the first catalyst for me, and it was because of this first theater I visited that I rediscovered Tigr, and her lover, the incomparable Sharon "Mitch" Mitchell.

To novices of the sex biz, these actresses' names must mean nothing. But believe me, once you start checking out your local porn distributor, you will realize these people are stars with the same fervent following as "All My Children" or Beebo Brinker. You will become consumed, as I did, following the industry gossip magazines that promise to tell all and then barely scratch it.


from "Educating Nina"

Sharon Mitchell, for example, is the New Jersey daughter of a police officer who has made herself a legend in 10 years of fuck films. Her relationship with Tigr began on the set of *Sulka's Wedding*, a film about a post-op transexual tying the knot amid her circle of closest sex fiend friends. I found the hottest scene in the whole debacle to be Mitch and Tigr diddling each other in the dressing room of a fashion boutique. Watch out Macy's!

You have to understand that nearly every straight porn flick has at *least* one lesbo scene as part of its formula, but it's an entirely different question as to whether the women involved have the slightest interest or knowledge about lesbian love making. Even when they do, the director will often instruct or edit a scene so badly that any sparks it may have generated are wiped out.

The key to your porn discovery tour is finding performers that arouse your prurient interests, as I did with Tigr and Mitch, and then go see every film you can find them in. Start noticing the directors who go beyond the shake and bake recipe for skin flicks.

Why am I dwelling on het-oriented

Continued on page 36

The Real Stuff:
JULIET ANDERSON, FILMMAKER

"I WANT TO MAKE LESBIAN SEX FILMS CREATED AND PERFORMED BY GAY women doing what they love most. I'm starting to make a true bisexual film where the men are just as passionate with each other as the women. I want to show the incredible sensuality that covers a hot couple from head to toe." In short, Juliette Anderson, X-rated superstar and independent film director, is planning her own revolution in the tightly reined business of erotic film.

Anderson, popularly known as "Aunt Peg" from a series of flicks she made for Swedish Erotica, has made over 35 fuck films from which she gained both a satisfying sexual community to play and work with, as well as a damning critique of how most pornography is made.

"I have had to *beg* a director to show a kiss. They rarely have any knowledge of portraying anything but p/v (penis-vagina) sex. You ask me what directors look for in lesbian scenes, and the point is, they DON'T. Don't look, don't know, don't care."

"It's a shame," Anderson continues, "because there are some tremendous sex-positive people in this business. I discovered my sexual desire for women on the set of the first film I made, 'Pretty Peaches'."

How did Juliet get into the sex industry?

"I was 39 years old, and was returning to the US after six very cold years in Finland. I moved to San Francisco, and after a series of mundane 9-5 routines, I answered an ad for Alex D'Renzy's Screening Room. The ad read, 'dancers needed for softcore sex show... lots of fun... short hours... good money.' That I even considered the job is amazing considering that I had only seen one X-rated film, which I had thought was stupid, had never been into an adult bookstore, and viewed the adult entertainment business as attracting only the morally suspect. But when I found out that Mr. D'Renzy was a famous film producer, I knew I had to meet him. With extreme trepidation and conning myself into believing that I was gathering data for a story on the seamy side of San Francisco, I applied for the job... certain, however, that I would be rejected for being not attractive enough, too old and certainly too straight. Not only was I hired for the live sex show, but D'Renzy cast me in 'Pretty Peaches.' What an eye-opener! I found out that I am a sexual exhibitionist, a good actress, a very good director and have an innate understanding of film. I also discovered how many respectable, normal people there are in this business."

Juliet Anderson certainly inspires respect, but normal — never! This woman is an extraordinary and wicked pioneer. Her enthusiasm for woman-positive and sexually delicious entertainment is nothing short of remarkable.

"Tell your readers to call me!" Juliet repeats. "I want the minds, talents, and bodies of lesbians who are ready to make some clit-raising filmfare." Interested parties can reach her at: Afterglow Productions, 495 Ellis Street, Suite 1574, San Francisco, CA 94102, (415) 839-4551. ◄

PHOTOGRAPH / **DAWN LEWIS**

ANONYMOUS letters

BY DOROTHY ALLISON

AN ANONYMOUS NOTE ARRIVED IN THE MAIL.

Creamy stiff bond, heavy in the hand. It stood out from the bills, but her name and address was printed in that particular undistinguished type that always seemed to characterize donation requests. She had torn open the flap casually while going up the stairs to the bathroom, calling back "I'll get it," to Gail's shouted request for a towel. But her first glance had caused her to stumble and catch the railing with her free hand. She read the note through again while an icy sensation swept up her back and her face flamed curiously hot.

> *"Your tastes are obvious to a woman of understanding. There is a room in my house designed perfectly for such desires. One could shout quite loudly there and never be heard in the hall outside. Perhaps soon, I shall send you an invitation to visit."*

"Honey!" the call from up the stairs broke her trance, "You coming?"

"Just a minute," she shouted back, and read the note through again. There was nothing, no signature, no mark to tell her anything more. The envelope too was anonymous. The postmark: the city, the day before. Nothing else. Who had sent it?

"Stupid," she muttered to herself. "Really stupid." She shoved the stiff paper back into the envelope and went up the hall to her room. On the stool by the bed was a stack of books. She opened the second one down and angrily tucked the envelope inside. She could not imagine showing it to anyone but on the way down the hall with the towels, she flushed.

Who could have sent such a thing?

After a moment, she stopped with a more terrible thought. Was it that obvious?

The second card came three days later, again that same creamy stationary. This time she took it up to her room before opening it. A joke, she told herself while she tore it open, but her hands trembled.

> *"Where did you get the scar on the inside of your right arm?"*

It was folded. She turned it over.

> *"And the one on your left shoulder?"*

She had spent the night trying not to think about the damn letters. Gail had noticed her tightness. "What's wrong with you? Your period coming on?"

"Nothing's wrong with me. There's must so much work right now, it's making me distracted." She'd forced herself to relax and hug Gail in that sudden abrupt way that meant affection without desire. "You know I'd tell you if something were going on."

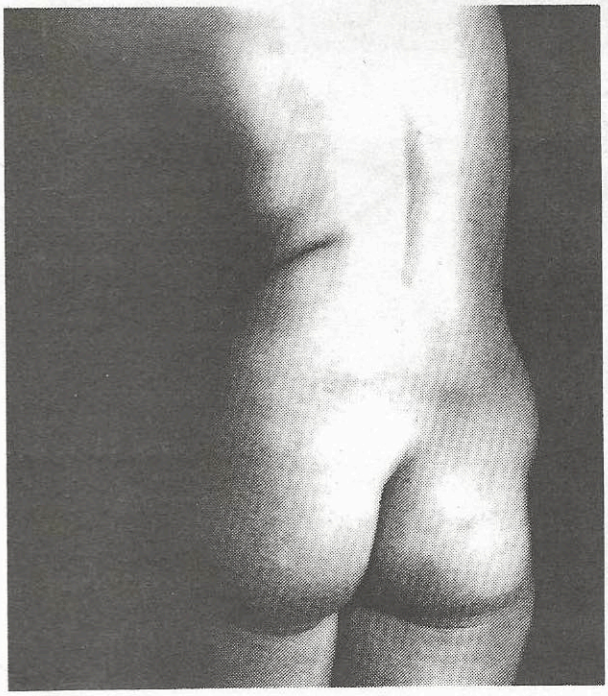
She felt a momentary pang of guilt and regretted not having shown Gail the first note. Perhaps they could have talked about it, been indignant together or even laughed about it. But this one went too far. How could she have shown it to anyone? The thought of the bold hand that had penned it was almost more than she could stand.

Another one came the next morning.

> *"The desire to be bound is ancient, the hands behind the back, wrists together and fastened to the cord that also holds the ankles. Done correct-*

Continued on page 41

Lyon-Martin Clinic
(415) 641-0220 San Francisco
Primary health care for lesbians



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2 FANTASIES

BY LEE LYNCH

MERCEDES

WE'RE AT THE BAR UPTOWN. Both wearing black pants, black shirts, black jackets. We look really handsome. Frenchy's a mirror of me. We're not together, but admiring each other across the room.

We're in bed. No clothes on. Where I touch Frenchy, she touches me. You can hardly tell us apart with our short hair, our small bodies, the darkness.

She leans against the bar, one foot up. I sit at a table, straddling a chair. I'm pretending not to look at her. I feel electricity from her when she glances my way.

Frenchy kisses me. I run my tongue along her lips. It excites her, so I get excited. She sees this when I take back my tongue and moan a little. She pulls me back, touching my tongue with hers, moving fast in my mouth like she can't help it.

Another girl walks up to Frenchy, impressed. Frenchy brushes her off. The girl looks at me, starts my way, seems to feel the current between the two of us, shrugs and moves away.

We take our shirts off, stare at each other under a dim dresser light. I lick my lips. Frenchy swallows. She cradles my breasts, I cradle hers, running my thumbs across the nipples. She pinches mine, gently. I hold back from letting go, taking her wildly. She tenses, holding back too.

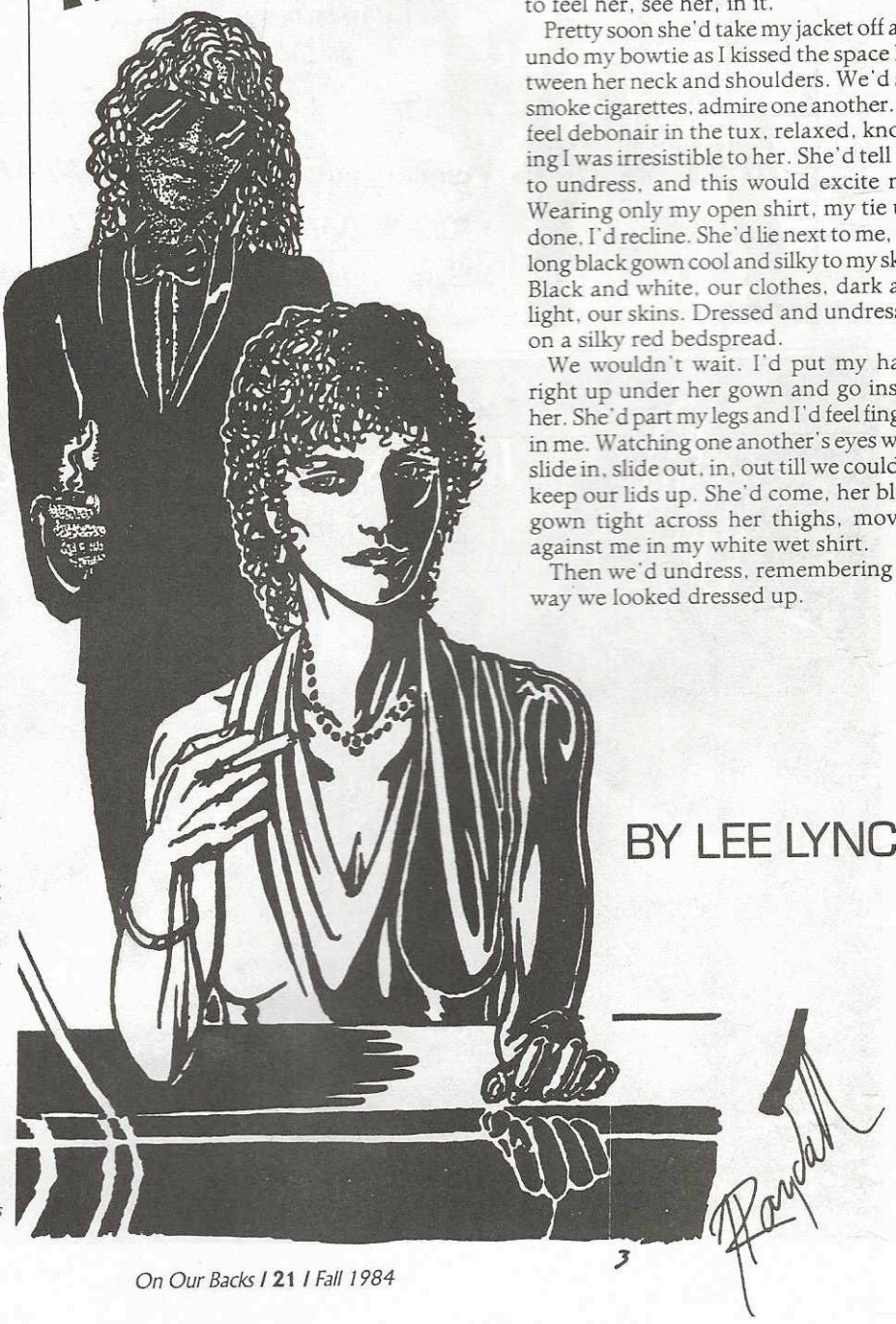
A good song comes on. I snap my fingers. Frenchy dances a little, by herself, in place. We move to the floor, not looking at each other, dancing separately a few inches apart.

Frenchy moves her head to the foot of the bed, kisses my toes, sucks on them. I run my tongue across her soles. She kisses my ankles; I kiss her behind the knees. She bites behind my thighs; I begin to push her.

I put my arms around Frenchy. The song is slow. She lets me lead. I pull her closer. She pulls me closer. We are two butches in black, merged on the crowded dance floor, holding so tight we think we'll never lose each other.

My tongue parts her public hair. I feel her resistance, but it's okay. She's letting me touch her, lead her, even if she's not ready to let go with me yet. Her tongue already rolls my special spot. We copy each other, moving our lips, tongues, teeth here and there, sucking, kissing, lapping, breathing, smelling, tasting. Feeling.

We dance as one. ◄



FRENCHY

IT'S HOW I FEEL when I put on my butch clothes. That has everything to do with making love.

I wish I had a tux. A black, neat tux. I'd pick Mercedes up at Edie's. She'd be wearing a long, narrow black gown that outlined her hips and thighs and made her body mysterious. Her shoulders would be bare.

I'd be masterful as I went up to her, putting my hands on her shoulders, fitting my palms to their roundness. She'd look like I was doing magic to her, flushed, her eyes glazed. Her hands would run up under my jacket, lay against my breasts, over the ruffled shirt. We'd press our hips together, move to music. I could pull her dress off, or I could have her in it. I choose to feel her, see her, in it.

Pretty soon she'd take my jacket off and undo my bowtie as I kissed the space between her neck and shoulders. We'd sit, smoke cigarettes, admire one another. I'd feel debonair in the tux, relaxed, knowing I was irresistible to her. She'd tell me to undress, and this would excite me. Wearing only my open shirt, my tie undone, I'd recline. She'd lie next to me, the long black gown cool and silky to my skin. Black and white, our clothes, dark and light, our skins. Dressed and undressed on a silky red bedspread.

We wouldn't wait. I'd put my hand right up under her gown and go inside her. She'd part my legs and I'd feel fingers in me. Watching one another's eyes we'd slide in, slide out, in, out till we couldn't keep our lids up. She'd come, her black gown tight across her thighs, moving against me in my white wet shirt.

Then we'd undress, remembering the way we looked dressed up. ◄

Two fantasies excerpted from The Swashbuckler, *a novel scheduled for publication by Naiad Press in 1985.*

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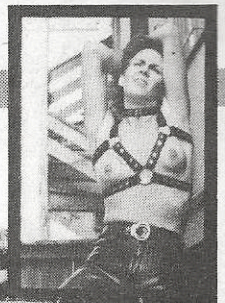


Katja (left) loves to play with androgynous imagery. Here she wears Stormy Leather's black Corset with Bound Edging and Front & Back Lacing ($120). Hidebound's soft and gentle Pussycat cat-o-nine tails in short, medium or long ($28-35). Our handsome butch, Miki (center) is in full femme drag in Stormy's Miniskirt with Snap Side Opening ($60). Perforated Pigskin Shirt ($59). Tie Belt with Eyelets ($18). All in black. Jasmine (right) takes time out in Stormy's black Buckling Dildo Harness ($27). Halter Top Bra ($32). Hidebound's Braidy Cat ($70).

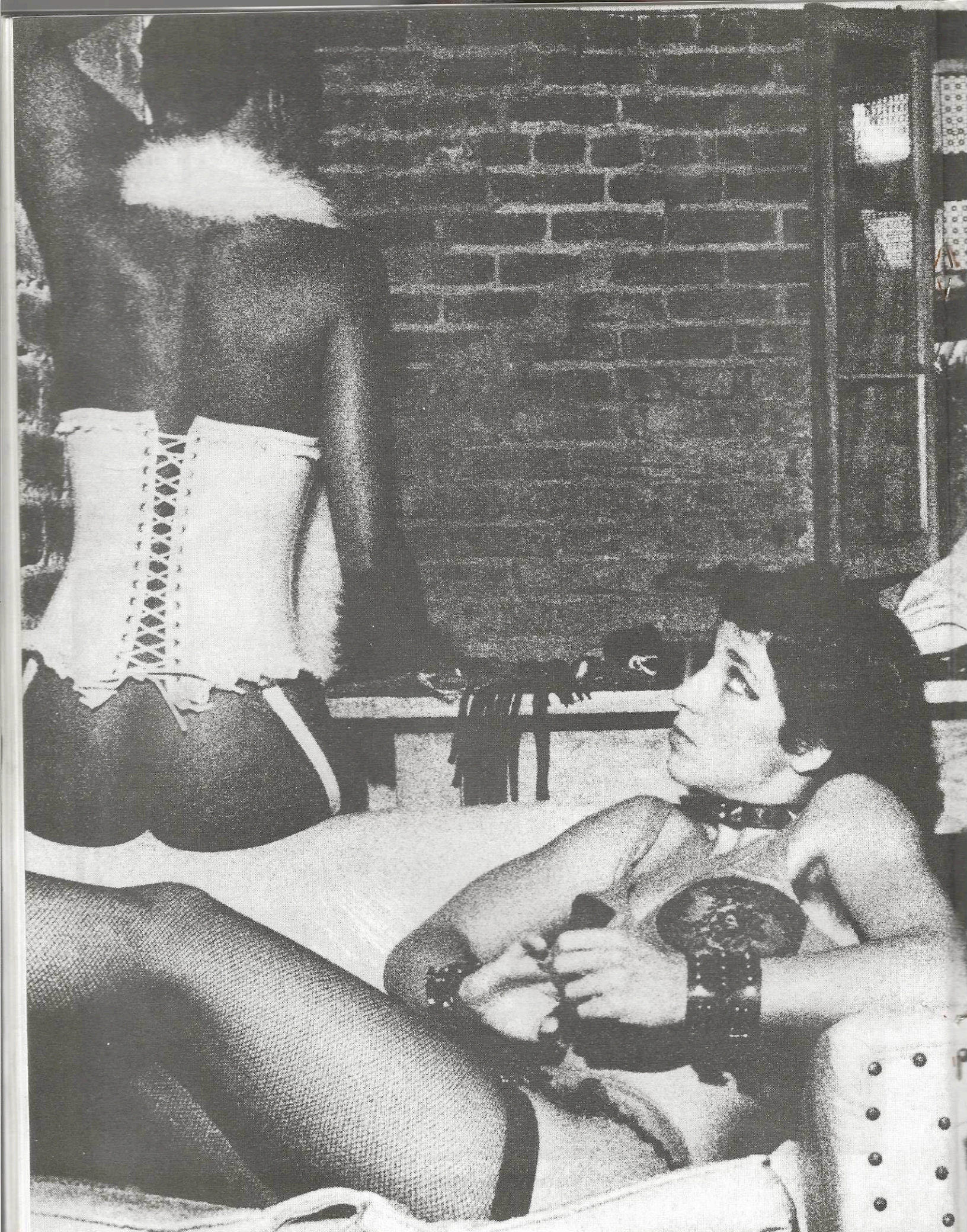
LEATHER

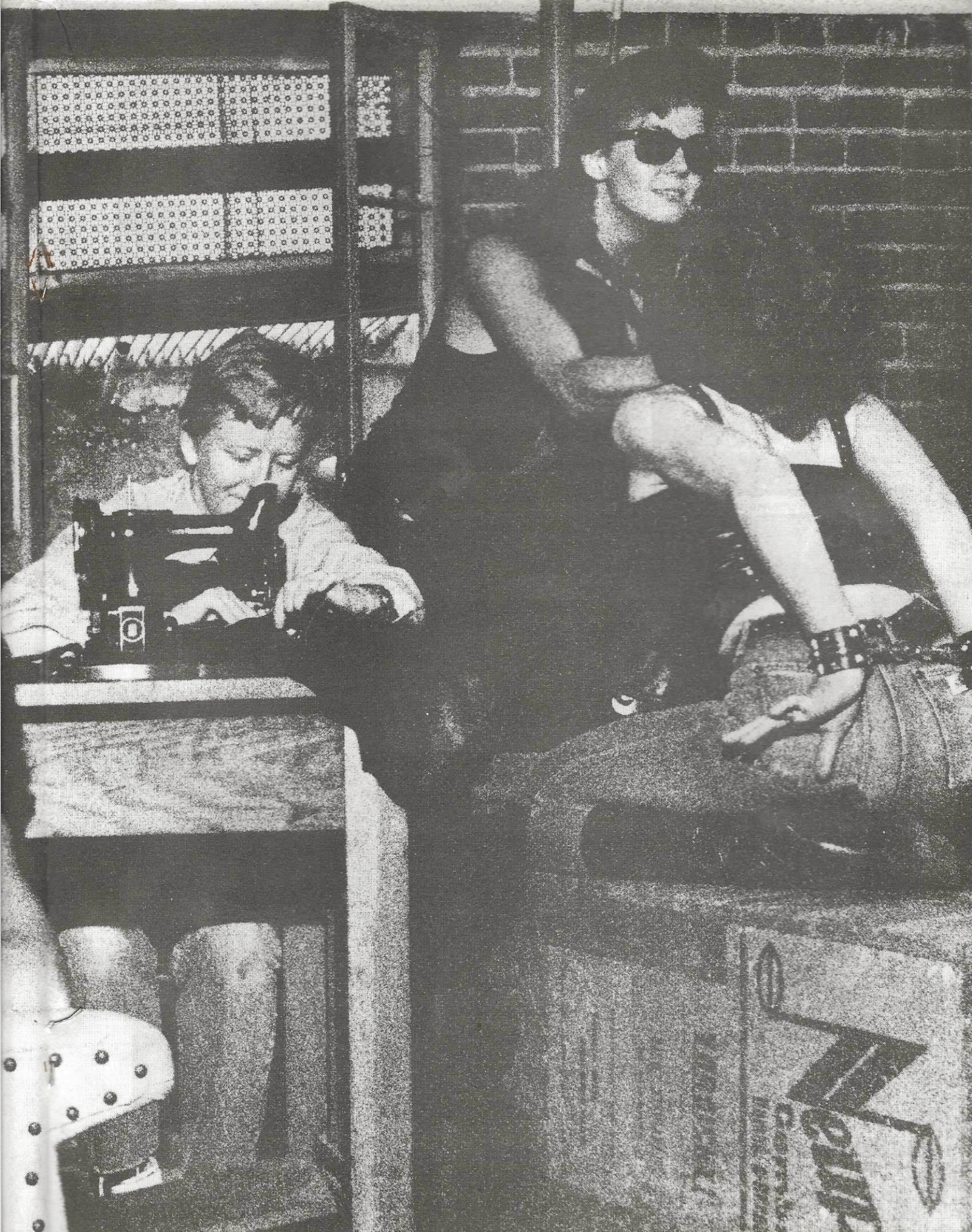
A *typical San Francisco blanket of heavy fog surrounded me as I mounted the steps to my first women-only leather party. Like the lesbian bars in Berlin, this house — once called the Catacombs — had a peephole through which the proprietor would peer. If you were recognized, you and your guests would be allowed entrance.*

My stomach felt queasy from the mystery and adventure of what would await me inside that door. Seductive, spacy, underground music, hushed voices and movements, punctuated by a long, low moan from a dark corner or the startling flash of metal. And

Right and above: Katja toughs it out in Hidebound's adjustable Upper Body Harness ($50). Leather Blindfold lined in shearling or mink ($25). *Centerfold, left*: Ready for an evening of adventure in boa and corset, Jasmine loves steppin' out in Stormy's cream-colored Corset with Lace Trim and Chevron Front & Back ($125).

PHOTOGRAPHS / **HONEY LEE COTTRELL**

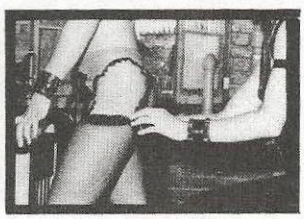


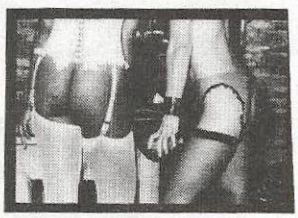


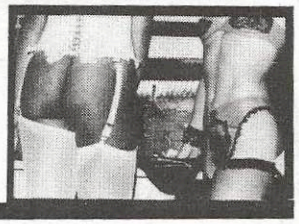
Will the real Miki... Miki, a singer and musician living in San Francisco, and Barbara, a dancer presently taking it easy at the Russian River, are wearing Hidebound's handsome assortment of Wristbands ($10-17).

Also available: Minimal Cuffs, a simple clot and D-ring design ($25); adjustable Wraparound Cuff ($30); and Fur-lined Cuff ($30).

Frills with get them every time. Miki plays a demure femme fatale in Stormy's Red Leather Bra with Black Lace Trim ($34) and matching Garter Belt with Front & Back Lacing and Lace Trim ($28). Katja as tough femme pulls off an intimidating pose in Stormy's Sidelacing Vest ($57). 501 Style Pants ($195).







the smell of leather — overwhelming, musky, heavy. Leather was everywhere. Leather jackets, leather pants, leather corsets, leather dildoes, and oh god, the leather boots. Leather cats, leather restraints, leather sheets on the waterbed. Leather on the motorcycle seat. Leather in my ears and nose and eyes. Leather gloves on my bare ass. The music, the commands, the rapture of ecstatic physical pleasure. The pleasure that is, for me, leather.

I have always loved the smell and feel of it. As a young, sunburned girl laying my burning cheek against the coolness of the carseat, the smell of new handbags and shoes. The image appealed to me, too, of tough street punks and bikers. But it wasn't until that special evening, when I inhaled the moans of my lover's leather jacket as she moved steadily toward me, found myself suddenly wet and breathing quick and shallow, that I connected this old love of leather with sex. Connected it with power, independence and rebellion. Connected it with women.

Leather is warm. Leather is mean. Leather is tough. And damn acceptability, there are women who are tough. Through Samois in San Francisco and the Lesbian Sex Mafia in New York, there are lesbians who are claiming their right to the wearing of leather and its image. Who are learning what leather is all about. There are lesbians of exceptional talent, frustrated with the lack of leather designed for women, who are making their own leather wear and accessories.

DOSSIE

HIDEBOUND LEATHERWARE

D*ossie is a slight, attractive woman in her 40's who handcrafts leather accessories for her* Hidebound Leatherware *business. A sex educator for twelve years, she became acquainted with the sexual variation of s/m through her work at the San Francisco Sex Information Exchange. She offers workshops on s/m and on open relationships in the solitude of her mountain home.*

Dossie began making toys for herself and her friends five years ago. "Most of the toys I could find were made by men for men, and I wanted something a little different, so I started making my own."

She opened Hidebound Leatherware *as a business last year, and business is steadily growing. "The first time a woman offered me money to make a toy for her, I was terrified. Me, a professional craftswoman? Now, I love it. I get great satisfaction from wrestling with a design til it's right, and from knowing that my toys are now residing in the bedrooms of the world's hottest women!"*

Dossie field-tests all of her gear extensively ("volunteers may line up on the right!"), and her work combines fine craft and a woman's esthetic with serious functionality.

Dossie shows her Hidebound Leatherware accessories (featured in our leather fashion spread on pages 23-26) at her Pleasureware parties, a shop-at-home opportunity to mix friendly conversation with sex education and FUN! To arrange a presentation or place an order, simply call her at (408) 336-5428.

For the future, Dossie would like to try her hand at designing furniture, or "whole erotic environments" — playrooms for sex. We can't wait!

KATHY ANDREWS

STORMY LEATHERS

K*athy Andrews is a tailor of extraordinary talent. An intimate look into her* Stormy Leathers *display room at her shop in San Francisco is a journey into exotic delights. There hanging on the racks are red and cream-colored leather underthings, most adorned with lace. A red leather bra and garter belt inlaid with black lace, a creamy corset complete with back laces and fringe, a tight fitting black leather dress, are all goodies not to be found at leather outlets or in mail-order catalogs.*

Kathy began her Stormy Leathers *business two years ago, when through her experience in working at men's leather shops, she became acutely aware of the absence of leather apparel for women. Stormy's articles are high in quality and design, and Kathy would have it no other way. "Women deserve the best," says Kathy, and the results of her efforts are nothing less than* objets d'art.

Kathy spends her workday split between appointments for custom work, sewing, and marketing her business. She is determined to break into the wholesale leather market, despite the attitudes of boutique buyers who feel her leather lingerie is too "fetishized". As with any new idea, time, high-quality and exquisite design are on Kathy's side (see for yourself on pages 23-26).

If you would like to get a close up view to further appreciate the skills of these leather women, Wet Productions will be showcasing the work of Hidebound Leatherware and Stormy Leathers in a fashion and theatre production at the lesbian bar Amelia's on Thursday, October 25th in San Francisco. Show starts at 8:00 pm. See you there! ◄

DANCE

I dress listening to the dawn and wonder what tie
I should wear what shirt jacket the shine of my
boots which earring I should put in which ear with the
weight of women I know trudging foot after foot over
me pretending to dance and nuzzling my neck as if I
were their ground
later you meet your mother she asks you to dance
woman and woman dragging you over the floor I watch
you stumble trying to keep up with the mornings of your
childhood Let's have another drink you say a drive
a flight a song a burn a balloon a piece of cake
simply charming all of us tonight we dance dance
and I feel you inside my cunt and we laugh wanting
every part of you I dream of another woman
with you I try not to dream instead I look at my
white jacket my tie ah I say ah and take you
in my cunt nuzzling at your neck
then we have dinner and I can't remember a thing once it's
been said but I remember coming to my house with you
we laugh and talk and every once in a while I look up
at your face and say yes I hear something see some-
thing wondering why I have to convince myself as I run
my nails along your stockinged legs undressing your silk
shirt wondering why I keep having to remember remembering
my cunt remembering the party remembering our good looks
our want
my voice shaking I ask you to stay my belly tough and
sore as it meets yours kissing your mouth down drawn
I ram against your soft insides cut some wood I say jump
some rope tighten burn the lit end of a cigarette fire
and ashes like my lungs must look from the city from the
bus fumes from smiling from dancing I want your admiration

Linda Smuckler

of my beauty I watch your clear eyes I count they are
beautiful I say Your eyes are beautiful
and I lie with you biting into your largeness and enter
you smelling what comes through my second floor window
asses grab my belly and I only imagine surviving someone
else is on my mind the radio on high having not yet touched
her as we walked through after-work Manhattan strolling
through glitter and studded collars and silver ties I stared
under her dark glasses and she asked if I was drunk and I
was with her staring back maintaining my eyes as long

I suck you and you come too fast but I am relieved it
is done you laugh and I laugh with you wanting to please
you I close my eyes and see
you on your knees following after me on the greased floor
bit in your mouth slipping as I whip you up my hardness
wet sliding over your backbone my teeth tear at your ass
and pull your cunt to my mouth you must stay and you
must come I open my eyes and we wrestle
and I end up on your back horse beneath me your ass
beneath my clit wrestling under translucent sheets a
room for us in the night your eyes look up at me straddling
you about to take my ass wiggling in the air I wish I
had a tighter ass the candle flares up burning a new
attention between your cheeks you ask for my breast then
finger then hand which enter tightly kept and I come
into you as you hold me inside your ear
moments later I blow out the candle accidentally pouring
wax over my hand accidentally throwing sparks all over the
room I try to hold the whole of you in my arms as sleep
fills you and me for a moment until I wake hearing
something insistent and strange and figure out it is the
rain finally hard and full washing me away ◄

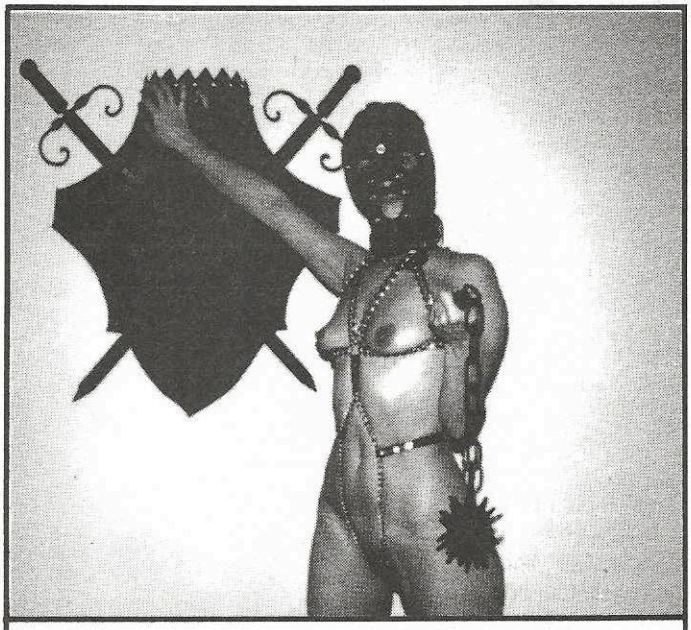


IMAGE
LEATHER

2199 Market Street, S.F., CA 94114
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SEXUAL POLITICS

I've often thought it's true
That all women need
Is a nice hard fuck.

The problem is

The nice ones can never
Bring themselves
To fuck me hard enough

and

The ones who do it hard
Aren't nice enough
To keep around past breakfast.

Pat Califia

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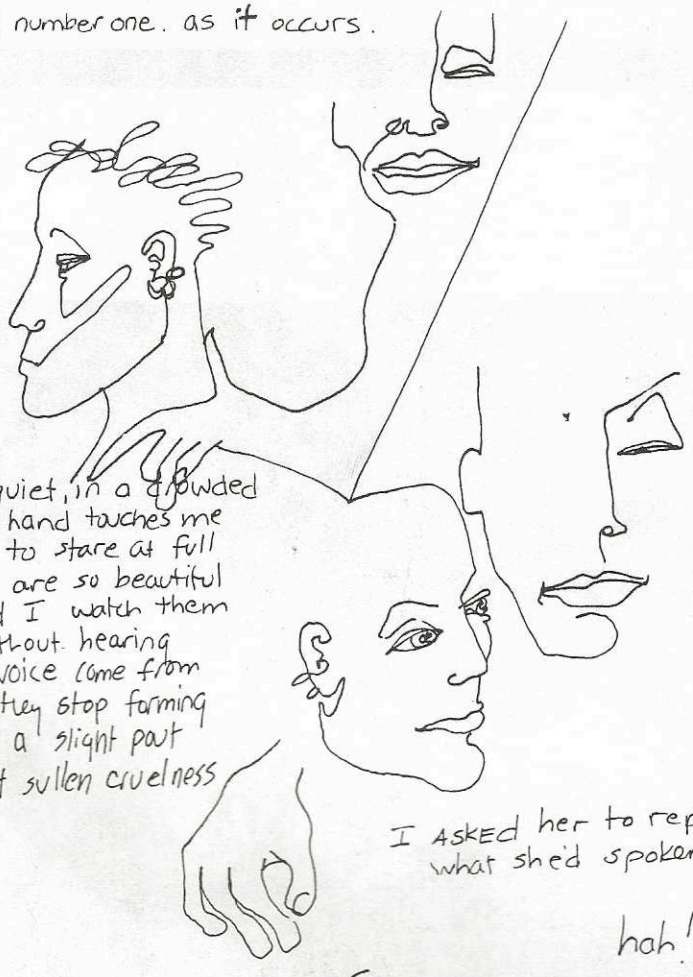
PERSONAL FANTASY number one. as it occurs.



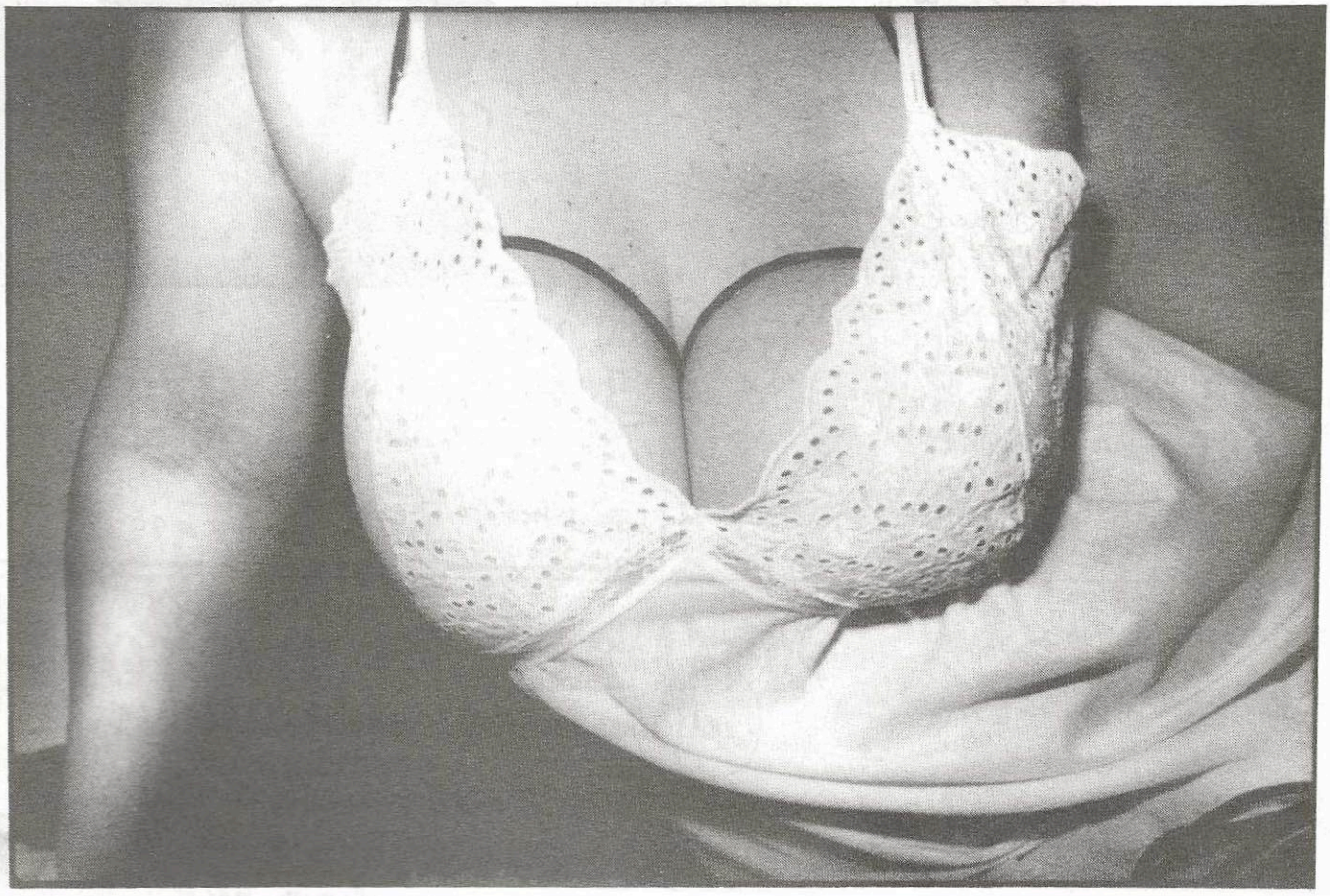
I'm standing quiet, in a crowded dance bar. A hand touches me lightly. I turn to stare at full deep lips. They are so beautiful strong rich and I watch them move slowly without hearing what words or voice come from with in. Until they stop forming and finish into a slight pout with a twist of sullen cruelness

I ASKED her to repeat what she'd spoken a moment ago

hah! she laughsnarls. and pulls me forward toward her with a pincher of my left nipple through my shirt as though we were naked she pulls me to her closed mouth

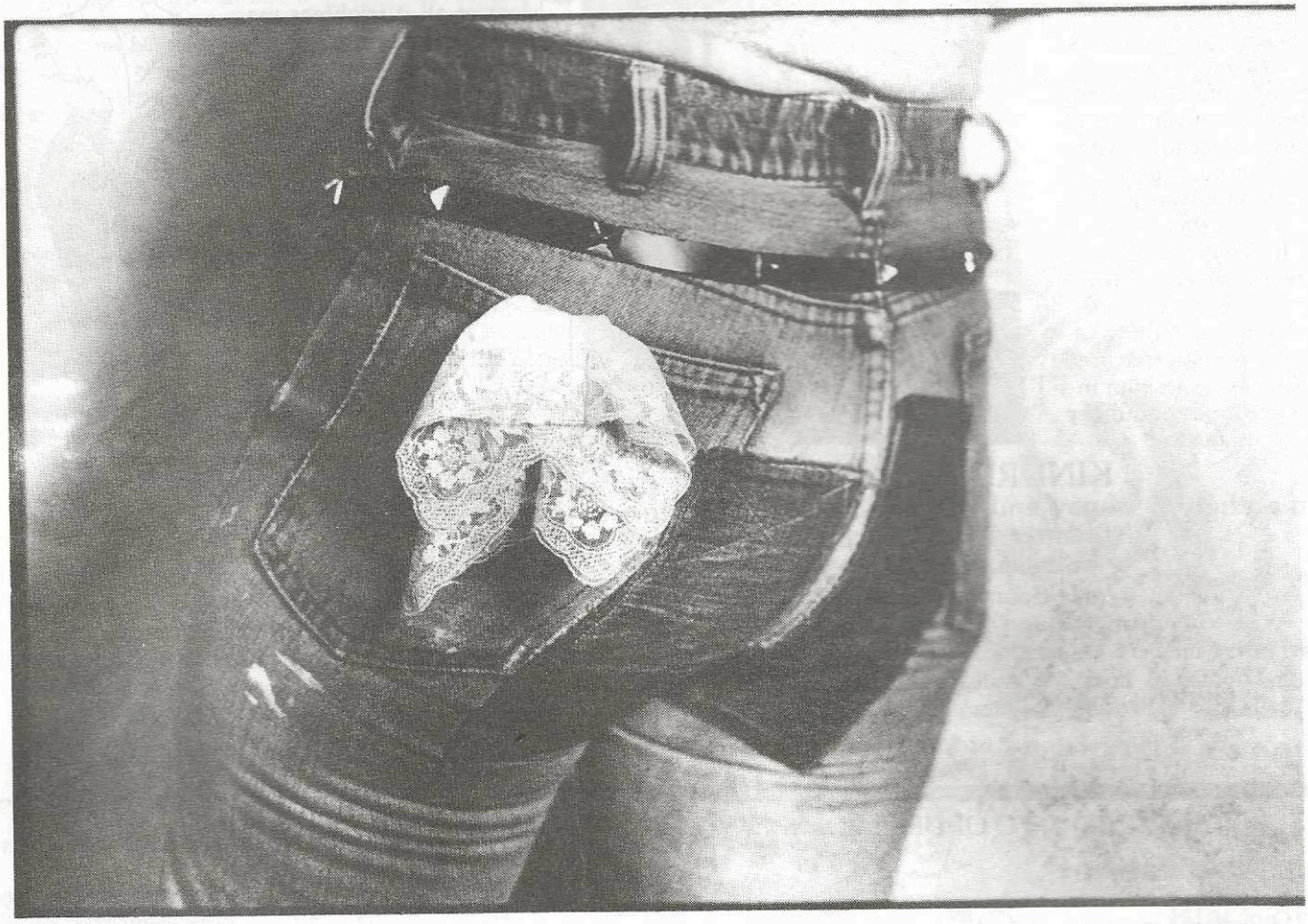
I feel bound in a place unfamiliar and distant from where I began. My friends play pool and drink in standing clusters without noticing the cloud of mist enveloping me and this stranger.

GRAPHIC / L. LANZA



Lace Bondage, by Morgan Gwenwald, © 1983

LACE



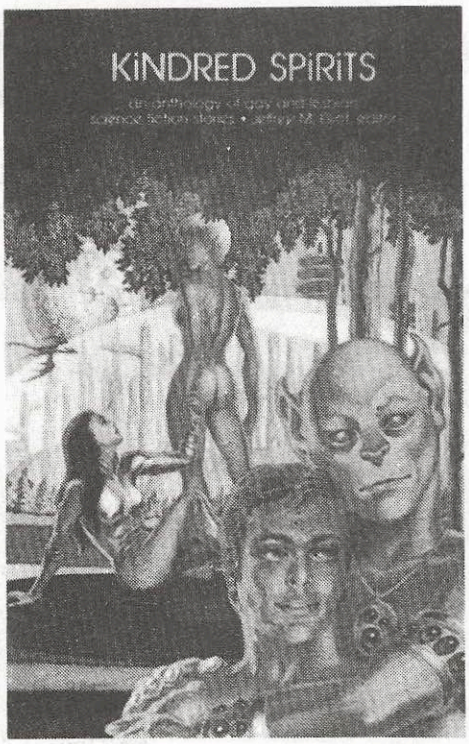
Lace Hankie, by Morgan Gwenwald, © 1982

MORGAN GWENWALD

SCIENCE FICTION FOR US

Science fiction offers writers a chance to escape the usual earth-bound conventions of sex and gender. More and more, writers are taking advantage of this.

In *Kindred Spirits*, twelve science fiction writers explore the many possibilities of what it could mean to be gay or lesbian in other times and other places.



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"...it's the best thing that has been published on feminist theory/practice in a long, long time. So let's go for that long-awaited walk on the wild side." — Sue Golding in *The Body Politic*

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A story of lesbian romance and adventure

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by Janine Veto

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But the outside world has other plans as Iris is forced to flee from Hawaii to a desolate Greek island. Soon the two women find that their love for one another must prove its strength against an unexpected foe if they are to survive.

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TOYS FOR US

Continued from page 7

special emphasis on dealing with drug habits and addictions of all sorts. "My life story has been sex and drugs," said Betty in a recent phone chat. She is presently working on her memoirs and I begged for glimpses of what it will contain. "It will be a grand range of erotic delights: my bible-belt origins in Kansas, my bi-sexuality in the '60's, marvelous porn passages, and how I had my own sexual revolution. Women kept wanting relationships, but I wanted sex. The politically correct types were appalled with me. It wasn't until I met the Lesbian Sex Mafia that I found my salvation (LSM is a sex support/social group in New York). My fantasies could finally be unleashed and appreciated by other dykes!"

Dodson's prevailing optimism is punctuated by sharp warnings about the state of sex in the world. "For every decade I've been alive (more than four of them now), we've seen another generation of romantic, husband-hunting cock junkies, seeking what they'll never find. I'll never forget that period of my life."

"We've come a long way personally, but not necessarily politically. Look at Gerry Ferraro. What's all the fuss about? She is not for dykes, she's not for jerking off and she's anti-porn!"

How does Betty always get the inside information? We can't wait to see her autobiography, and in the meantime, we'll keep on givin' that good self-lovin'. ◄

Susie Bright

TOYS FOR US will be happy to accept queries, problems and comments from our readers. Please address your letters to *On Our Backs*, P.O. Box 421916, San Francisco, CA 94142, and enclose a SASE for personal reply. Happy Buzzing!!

Susie Bright *is the manager of Good Vibrations, a vibrator/sex toy store in San Francisco oriented especially towards women.* ◄

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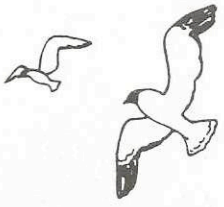

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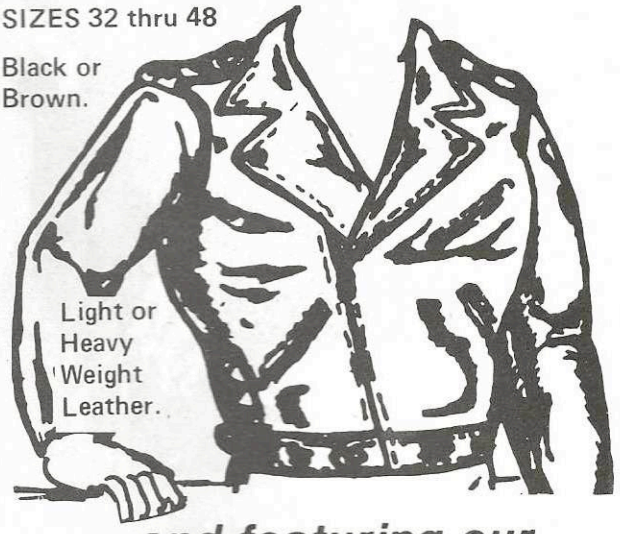

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VIDEO LESBIANA

Continued from page 17

movies with a few token lesbian scenes? Aren't there any all-girl extravaganzas? The truth is, there are no lesbian sex movies made *by* lesbians available on the general video/film market. The good news is that this is changing faster than you can say "why not?" Independent women filmmakers, some newcomers, some veterans of the sex industry, are ready to roll and the big thing holding them back is capital and a distribution network. Certainly there is an audience — over the past two years I have been asked with increasing regularity, "Where can I find good women's erotica? Where *is* Video Lesbiana?"

Until our new genre is wheeled out of the delivery room, some lesbian erotica lovers are not going to tolerate any male-produced activity in their viewfinder. Others, like myself, have found a lot of enjoyment in X-rated features with an ostensible hetero bent. Last but not least, there is the lesbian interest in all-gay men's films, which are just as big business as their straight counterparts (often made by the same people) and can be a tremendous turn-on.

Typically there has been a notorious fuss made over how many men like to watch women making love. What about the other way around? I can't tell you how many women have confided to me that seeing two men kiss and embrace each other is the ultimate voyeuristic thrill. Well, just imagine how you'd feel when they go down on each other!

First, let's clear up where and how to do your shopping. Video

What I saw that night is what I've looked for in sexually explicit media ever since: a genuine sense of lust, a sexual charisma that is contagious, and the ability of partners to convey intimate knowledge of their own and each other's bodies. All characterized in the word HOT.

cassettes are the big breakthrough for X-rated material. They account for 60% of all videotapes sold in the U.S. This amazing statistic is well-founded because videos allow you a special kind of luxury and privacy you'll never get away with at a movie house.

My most torrid phase of viewing blue movies came when a friend loaned me his 3 ft. wide TV screen and VCR. I went right down to the $2.99-per-night video rental store and programmed my viewing for a week. At home, with the giant screen at the foot of my bed, I could watch scenes in slow motion, replay crucial moments, fast forward past all the boring stuff; all the while cradling my vibrator between my legs. This was the perfect way to critique my purchases. Occasionally my lover and I would watch them together, or at least we would try to until we lost track of where the video performance left off, and we began our own.

Going to see a film, however, complete with popcorn, is a special experience video will never match. Film is lusher and bigger; a Hollywood event. If I really like a video, I want to see it in film. Unfortunately, because video-making is so much cheaper and more lucrative than films, a lot of porn is only being made in video format.

I mentioned before that when I rented videos, I went to the bargain rental store. Rentals range between $3-$10 per night, and your very own copy is $50-$100. But bargain basements are not the places to find a wide selection of sex videos, and you certainly won't find knowledgeable personnel there.

Ideally, you should find a place that is welcoming to women, knowledgeable about their stock, and will preview videos for you on their own monitors. One such oasis is the gay-owned *Le Salon*, a virtual sex department store in the Polk Gulch of San Francisco. Phillip La Kose, the store manager, was enthused about women customers, sexually knowledgeable and non-judgmental, and could pick out lesbian tapes in a flash to show me on the store VCR.

The first series we started with was LIPSTIK Productions, which makes "all-girl features" their specialty. Their production values are outstanding, and everything else about them is a mixed bag. As one Lipstick actress told me, some of the performers are gay, some are bi-sexual, and others wouldn't touch a woman with a 10-ft dildo if they weren't paid so well for it. Each Lipstik video has a different theme reflected in the title: *3 Beauties and a Maid, Girls and their Toys, Rear Entry Girls, Outlaw Women*, etc. I found something like *Outlaw Women* to be the hottest, because the bondage and light S/M involved required the actors to have a little technical knowledge of their part, which indicated some sincere sexual interest to me.

Speaking of bondage, some of the hottest lesbian flicks around are the product of Bizarre Videos, which as manager La Kose puts it, "do the best bondage in the business." Once again, in highly fetished movies you are more likely to get a production crew and actors who have genuine taste and talent for their creations.

Another helpful, and women-owned video distribution company is *As You Like It*, which specializes in home presentation/parties of sex toys. Their mail-order video list tells you exactly what kinds of sexual behavior are in each video, along with a short synopsis of the plot.

As I said before, I prefer the so-called "straight" X movies to the "all girl features." The quality, not the quantity of women are what affects me. I would go see ANYTHING with Sharon Mitchell, Tigr, Juliet Anderson, Kay Parker, or Joanna Storm. Vanessa Del Rio and Sparky Vasc are outrageous but I haven't seen them do a strictly lesbian scene. Then again, I don't care. In my all time favorite porn flick, *Smoker*, Joanna Storm gets fucked on top of a stove by John Leslie and has an orgasm off the heat of the pilot light. The kitchen seemed to turn neon in the heat of their coupling, and I thought I'd break a few dishes myself if I couldn't go home soon to masturbate.

Another example — in *1001 Erotic Nights*, a sex-explicit retelling of Scheherazade's stories, Tigr portrays one half of an adoring sister duo who are given as a present to a male guest of the house. They prove far more interested in each other than their visitor, however, and Tigr takes the lead in spell-binding her sister with her beautiful hands.

Whatever your passion or pleasure, blue movies can add a whole new powerpak to your fantasy life. Amid the cliches, mediocrity, and thudding disco soundtracks are some inspired sexual experiences. There are sensitive, intelligent, burning hot people making porno these days, and it's about time women found out about it. ◄

OLIVIA

Continued from page 13

women's bathroom at Rusty's," she said.

Jamie laughed. "We wondered if the sign would bring anybody in. Before those tight-asses took it down, that is," she finished.

Olivia nodded in understanding. "When I went back last night it wasn't there."

Jamie smiled at her again, this time more frank and forthright than seductive. The invitation seemed to have changed.

Olivia interpreted the smile as signifying "hail fellow well met" and concluded that Jamie perceived her as a butch. Fine with me, she thought, wonder how she's going to take to me cruising Bianca? She decided to come on a little stronger.

"I really like that blouse you're wearing," she said, staring at Bianca's breasts. "That is a lovely color for you."

And color she did, the red starting at the throat and working it's way up to her cheeks. Very nice, Olivia thought. I'll bet she colors when she comes.

"Th-thanks." Bianca stammered. "Will you excuse me? I have to go to the bathroom. Jamie, order for me, okay? All I want is a coke. I'll be back in just a few minutes." She got up so quickly, with such a sense of urgency that Olivia guessed she might have felt herself flood. Maybe she has to go change her tampax. Oh joy, oh bliss.

Olivia had to dig her heels into the floor to keep from jumping up and chasing after Bianca. Have to play it cool, she thought.

She waited until Bianca had disappeared through the door marked "Ladies." Then she leaned over and murmured confidentially to Jamie: "I know this sounds ridiculous but now that she mentioned it I have to go."

Olivia stood up. "It's because I'm so sensitive," she elaborated. "So suggestible." She winked and headed for the bathroom before Jamie had a chance to answer. Olivia forced herself not to run. Damn, she thought, I forgot to ask Jamie to order for me. What she really wanted was a steak, thick and rare. Something she could sink her teeth into. She felt herself salivating and swallowed quickly.

Olivia practically swooned as she entered the ladies' room. Bianca had her period all right. The smell of menstrual blood filled the tiny room. There was only one stall. Olivia leaned against the wall to catch her breath. She glanced in the mirror. Her skin looked unnaturally white. For the millionth time Olivia debated going out and buying some blusher for occasions like this. But wearing make-up just didn't fit the image she tried to project. Pale, tall, angular. It was all calculated to add up to mysterious. A femme fatale. (Well, not necessarily femme.)

"Hi," she called out so Bianca could hear. "It's me. Take your time. I'm not in a hurry."

Actually, Olivia realized as she spoke, she'd become so excited she did have to pee.

But she could hold it; she was used to waiting. She closed her eyes and breathed in deeply. Oooh, that smell. Her heart pounded.

"I want to ask you something," she called out to Bianca. Her voice sounded hoarse.

"Um?" she responded. Was she holding back? Being coy? Not really interested?

"Well — I guess I'll wait till you're through." Yelling propositions wasn't Olivia's style.

The toilet flushed and Bianca came out of the stall. She made her way to the basin, brushing against Olivia. She washed her hands.

Olivia couldn't speak. In her hand Bianca had a sponge, maroon with blood. She squeezed it into the basin, then rinsed it out. "I hope you're not offended," Bianca said. "Some people are squeamish about menstrual blood. Can't handle the smell. But really, sponges are so comfortable."

She had the sponge clean and headed back to the stall. "Excuse me — have to put this back in. Have you ever tried one?"

With difficulty Olivia found her voice. "What?" she croaked.

"A sponge — have you ever tried one? They're really comfortable — and cheaper too. And you don't have to worry about chemicals. You don't know what's in those tampons."

"TSS," Olivia said dutifully. She wanted Bianca right there and then. It was hard to pay attention to her words.

"Right," Bianca agreed. "So, do you use a sponge?" she persisted. She looked at Olivia with great sincerity.

"No, I've never tried one."

Bianca glanced at herself in the mirror, made a few passes at her hair, then headed toward the door. "Well, you really ought to."

Bianca was getting to be a goddam missionary, Olivia thought, proselytizing about those fucking sponges. She said nothing. She really didn't want to get into the complexities of her reproductive system.

And she certainly didn't want to argue. What she wanted to do was eat Bianca. How to accomplish that as quickly as possible? With the easy way she talked about menstruation, Olivia was pretty sure Bianca'd have no problem about being gone down on while she had her period.

"I want to go to bed with you." Olivia put her hand on the other woman's arm as she spoke.

Bianca looked surprised. "You do? With just me? Not with both of us? I actually thought you were more interested in Jamie."

Olivia shook her head. "I'm sure she's a very nice person. But I'm attracted to — more feminine women." She looked at Bianca hard. "Like you."

"Well, I'm flattered."

"I'm staying at a hotel. Will you come home with me? Will it be all right with Jamie?"

"Well, we're not monogamous."

Olivia did not say: If you were, you certainly aren't going about it very well. She waited for Bianca to continue.

"Actually, she's the one who gets all the action," Bianca smiled ruefully. "Everyone seems to want a butch. Until tonight."

"Until tonight," Olivia echoed. She stroked her fingernails along

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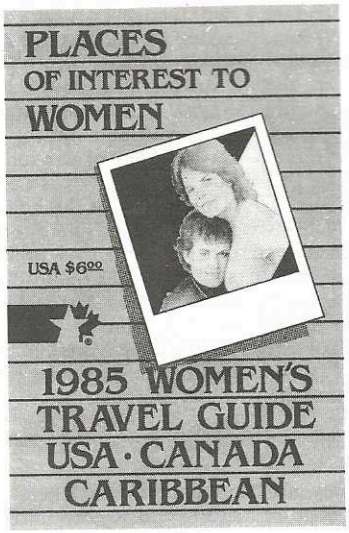

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the underside of Bianca's arm.

"Let me go back and talk to her alone. Give us ten minutes. Then if everything goes well, the two of you will have a chat, work out the details. Then you and I can split and head back for your hotel. How convenient you have a room. Otherwise it might be a bit awkward. I mean I couldn't very well ask Jamie to leave, could I?" Bianca giggled.

Olivia closed her eyes. She hoped Bianca wouldn't giggle while she was doing her. Just think about the blood, she told herself.

Bianca left the room. Finally Olivia had the opportunity to pee.

This would be an excellent time for a cigarette, she thought, if only I smoked. But I wouldn't want to dull my sense of taste. Olivia laughed out loud, came out of the stall and washed her hands. She thought again about Bianca's performance at the sink. She'd noticed menstrual sponges at health food stores, but she'd never seen one in use before. Blooded, as it were. Olivia smiled to herself in the mirror. Her color had come back. It always did.

When she returned to the table both Jamie and Bianca were smiling.

Jamie rose. "Can I talk to you a minute? Privately?"

Oh oh, Olivia thought, what now. She was growing weary of the curlicues of lesbian sm courtship.

Bianca remained seated. "I'll wait here. I'll just have my coke while the two of you work it out. Come and get me when it's time to go."

She nodded toward the cash register and Jamie, taking her lead, headed toward it. Olivia followed.

The two of them stood in the foyer, surrounded by red plastic and muzak.

"So — I hear you're interested in my girl," Jamie began.

"I only want to borrow her."

Jamie nodded. "She's lendable. As long as you return her in good working order. A few temporary bruises would be okay. Nothing more serious."

And it will never even occur to you to check her fluid levels, Olivia thought. Aloud she said, "I have every intention of treating her with the consideration she so obviously deserves."

Jamie smiled. "Why don't you go ahead and collect her? I'll take care of the check."

Neither of them spoke during the five minute drive to Olivia's hotel.

In the room Olivia turned on a radio. Soft music oozed into the space. She turned and looked at Bianca, relieved to be away from the glare of the restaurant neon. Olivia always insisted on hotels with dimmer switches on the lights.

"I'm so glad you're here," she said softly.

"So am I. I'd like to take a shower," Bianca whispered.

When Bianca returned from the bathroom, the lights had been turned down even further. Smoke from an incense holder curled lazily toward the ceiling. Olivia stood erect in a floor-length black satin dressing gown with crimson lapels. Her long hair was pinned up on her head. "I'll take my shower now," she announced. "I won't be long."

Olivia returned from her shower and found Bianca under the covers in the middle of the bed. Olivia let down her hair, releasing the scent of sandlewood and myrrh. She slithered out of her dressing gown.

"I hope you had enough hot water," Bianca murmured. "I didn't mean to use it all up."

"There's always plenty here. Of everything."

Olivia slid under the covers and looked at Bianca in the dim light. Bianca had removed her rings and necklaces. Good. Olivia remembered the time she'd bedded a young lady who couldn't be persuaded to remove the cross she wore around her neck. Olivia tried not to be bothered by old-fashioned superstitions. Nonetheless, it was disconcerting. She much preferred naked, unadorned skin, like that of the woman she cuddled up to now.

Bianca put her arm around her. "You already know I've got my period."

"I do indeed. Have you still got that sponge in?"

Bianca nodded.

"I'd like for you to take it out. Will you do that for me?" Olivia was whispering now. She stroked Bianca's light brown hair and wondered if the nether hair would match. "I'd like it very much." She caressed Bianca's shoulders, light, feathery touches. She really is quite pretty, Olivia thought.

"What about the sheets? I flow a lot." Bianca whispered also, catching Olivia's hand and kissing it. Her eyes sparkled large and luminous. Her breath came ragged.

"That's the hotel's problem." Olivia ran her fingers through Bianca's hair again, pausing to grasp a handful of it.

Bianca gasped in response to the pull. She laughed a little, obviously nervous.

"I guess you're right. Excuse me." She got out of bed and padded into the bathroom. "Okay," she announced when she returned. 'It's out. There's liable to be a lot of blood. Don't say I didn't warn

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you."

"I'll never say that. Whatever happens I'll never say that." Olivia stopped talking then.

She didn't even bother with preliminaries, just made her way directly to Bianca's cunt. Finally she was home. It took her a minute to taste the blood; Bianca had done a good job of washing herself. But there it was. Rich and red and saline. Olivia sucked and tongued and sucked again.

Bianca would have preferred more foreplay. On the other hand, Olivia's urgency was exciting in itself. No one had ever hungered for her blood before. It aroused Bianca. The same way being tied and slapped aroused her.

She'd given up trying to understand it. Better to just stay with the feelings. Let herself have what she so obviously enjoyed.

Now Olivia was asleep. It almost seemed as though she'd fallen into a coma, she slept so deeply. Bianca took two of the nine pillows on the bed and, putting one between her legs and hugging one to her chest, did an instant replay. She glanced over at the woman next to her once again. Definitely out for the night.

Actually Bianca hoped so. She felt a little weak. A little drained. She wasn't sure she could take another round tonight.

Ah, but it had been great though, the way Olivia burrowed in, between her legs, finding her cunt, nibbling labia and clit and then.... Well, actually she hadn't stayed on her clit long at all, she just seemed so eager to get up inside her. It felt like being turned inside out. Bianca had loved the way Olivia never seemed able to get enough.

At one point Olivia turned them over so that Bianca lay on top, cunt welded to Olivia's face, as Olivia pulled and pushed on her hips as though she wanted to take her whole womb into her mouth. Bianca wondered if Olivia wanted her to reciprocate; they were almost in the sixty-nine position; but Olivia's thigh jerked away from her lips. Bianca interpreted the noise Olivia made as "no". So she let go of responsibility, and let herself get lost in the pure pleasure of being eaten. This woman didn't "perform oral sex" or even "go down on her". Olivia ate her out. Bianca smiled, realizing she had been grinding against the pillow between her legs.

Shit! She hadn't put the sponge back in. The pillowcase would be full of blood by now. Bianca sat up and eased out of bed, taking the pillow with her to the bathroom.

That's funny, she thought, looking at the pillow once she had shut the bathroom door behind her and turned on the light. No blood anywhere.

She didn't even see any cunt juice on it. It looked wrinkled — the way pillowcases always were when Bianca got through with them — but there was no red or even pink.

Frowning, Bianca sat down on the toilet. Her whole genital region felt like it was in a state of shock. It took some concentration for her to be able to pee.

The urine stung slightly as it passed over her labia. Not bad though; it had hurt plenty of times worse than that when she peed after Jamie fucked her.

Bianca wiped herself and looked at the toilet paper. Again, no trace of color.

Puzzled, Bianca wiped herself again. Same thing. She stood and looked down into the toilet.

No blood there. None at all. She looked at the toilet paper again then dropped it in. she put the lid down. She didn't flush for fear the noise would wake Olivia.

Well, she thought, my period must have stopped. Even though this is only the second day.

I'm sure there's nothing to worry about, Bianca thought as she tiptoed back to bed. There's a first time for everything.

She crawled into bed as gently as possible so as not to disturb Olivia. Olivia never opened her eyes.

But she smiled into the night.

Nibbles on the inside of her arm woke Bianca in the morning. But it wasn't really morning.

Not even dawn, really. The sky out the window was barely gray. Bianca focussed her eyes on the dial of the clock-radio by the bed. Five-thirty.

Olivia raised her head when Bianca turned to look at the clock. When Bianca turned to face her again, Olivia said in a husky voice, "I'm horny."

Bianca blinked, eyes caked with sleep, still too groggy to be sure what she wanted. So many times she'd fantasized Jamie waking her to make love; it had never happened; Jamie rarely woke before Bianca, and when she did, it was because she had to be somewhere.

But with a stranger, sex in the early morning seemed different somehow. More intimate, to give one's body when only half-awake.

Because it would have to be that way — Bianca certainly wasn't awake enough to do Olivia.

"What did you have in mind?" Bianca asked. Actually, she could get into just lying there passively, maybe drifting in and out of sleep while being sexed by this woman with the talented mouth. And maybe Olivia wouldn't be in such a hurry now. Maybe this time she'd use her mouth all over Bianca's body.

"I could sure go for more of what we had last night." Olivia pinned Bianca's arm as she spoke, her teeth making tiny indentations in the inside of Bianca's elbow.

Bianca wrinkled up her nose, although Olivia's teeth on her soft flesh aroused her. "Actually, I'd like to try something different."

She felt proud of herself for speaking up like that. Another thing that came easier with a stranger.

"What would you like?" Olivia asked. Was that a trace of irritation Bianca heard in her voice? Maybe just the way she talked early in the morning.

"Well," Bianca began, determined to ask for what she wanted. "It's not that I have anything against oral sex. And you certainly are a wonderful lover when it comes to doing that. It's just that I'd like some other things too. I like bondage...."

No response; Bianca decided to go on. After all, what did it matter if this woman rejected her? It was just a one-night stand. She might as well continue, as long as she'd gone this far.

"And I like to be slapped... and talked dirty to, and fucked in the ass. I like to be pinched. And bitten." The intake of breath after the last word was a sharp contrast to the lack of reaction to the preceding items on the list. Finally, Bianca thought, I finally got some response.

"How about if I bite you," Olivia said. "How about if I bite you all over, starting gently at first, then doing it harder and harder, the closer I come to your cunt. And if you want, I'll tie you up — and gag you..." And gently but firmly, she turned Bianca's head to the side, as she settled in, her teeth nudging the carotid artery.

Bianca was completely awake now. Alarm bells rang in her head as adrenalin coursed through her body. She wedged her hand between Olivia's lips and her own neck. I have to get out of here, she thought. I just want to be safe in my own bed with Jamie. So what if she'd rather sleep than fuck in the morning? At least she doesn't scare me shitless before breakfast.

Incongruously, Bianca remembered something she'd heard once in an sm safety demonstration. "The bottom is supposed to be hot, not cold." Well, something about this woman beside her, gorgeous and talented though she might be, made Bianca's blood run cold.

"I need to go home," she said, sitting up. "Maybe it's my period, but I just don't feel well. Don't bother driving me —" she certainly didn't want Olivia to know where she lived — "I'll call Jamie from the pay phone downstairs and wait in the lobby."

"There's no need to do that," Olivia said, her voice calm. "There's some money on the dresser — take a twenty for a cab. There's a cab stand right in front of the hotel. There's always a few there. Go ahead and take the money."

Bianca only hesitated for a minute. Then she got up, went to the bathroom (she was relieved to see that her blood had come back), dressed and took a twenty dollar bill from the silver money clip lying on the dresser. Neither she nor Olivia said goodbye.

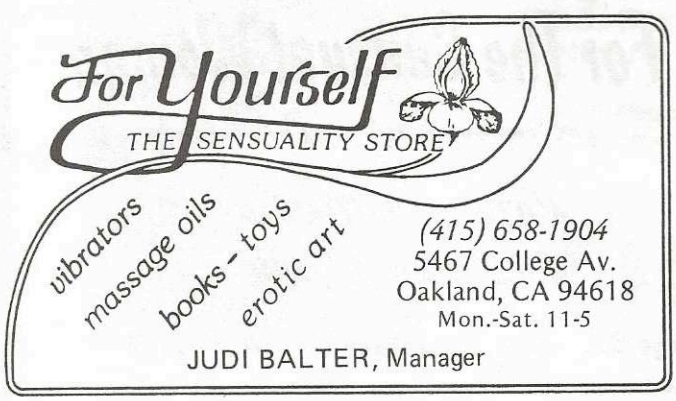
Olivia turned over as Bianca closed the door behind her. She hadn't had enough of Bianca, but then she never got enough.

Lesbian, masochist — the woman hadn't been born who didn't cry uncle sooner or later. Oh well, this one had lasted longer than most. And she was a tasty wench. Male or female, no other human blood tasted as good as menses. Olivia chuckled again, remembering Bianca's sponge. What would these dykes come up with next? Maybe I should go back to cruising the bathrooms in lesbian bars, Olivia thought.

She wrinkled up her nose as she turned over on her back. Tacky, tacky.

No, she'd keep trying the lesbian sm meetings. She liked the style of that. Olivia checked the calendar on her digital watch. June twenty-eth. Maybe she'd head out to the coast for Gay Pride Day.

Olivia licked her lips as she turned back over onto her belly and went to sleep. ◄



ANONYMOUS LETTERS

Continued from page 19

ly, the knees are inevitably parted and the vulva exposed. Strange how in that position it is the lower mouth which moistens, and the tongue which goes dry and swollen."

It was fortunate that work at the library actually was slow these days. She couldn't seem to get anything done. Who could be sending those notes? Even if it was just a joke, how had someone come up with them? Who had looked at her and known just what she imagined when she lay with her lover, the fiery dreams she had hidden so deeply? She had told no one, least of all the women she had slept with. Gail and she had been together so long, it was hard to remember what it had been like with other women. She was rough in bed; she liked surprises and sudden struggles, and grew wildly excited when her nipples were bitten — still, she had never said, "I want you to tie me up."

She had never said, "Make me scream."

She had only wanted to.

Outside the central library, she slipped on a wet step and dropped her bag. Bending over to pick it up she saw a woman behind her leaning against the railing, watching her. She stood up, looking back. The woman lit a cigarette, looked once into her eyes, and went on down the stairs. Was that the one? She gripped her bag. Was that the one?

That night sitting on the side of the bed, she started to cry. She rubbed the old scar on her arm. She couldn't stand much more of this. Was it someone she knew?

She made sure that she was either home for the mail's arrival or the first person home to check it. God! if someone else should open one of those letters! But Wednesday she couldn't get away on time. Mrs. Carls just didn't understand the accessioning procedure and kept misnumbering the new books. For what seemed the twentieth time she explained it all again, trying to be patient while her hands began to sweat and her eyes kept wandering to the clock.

"I'm sorry," she finally blurted, "I've just got to get home."

"Oh, oh yes," Mrs. Carls replied, "I really appreciate your going through this again..."

She stumbled going down the library steps, and the key stuck when she forced it into the front door lock. "Damn!" she heard herself hiss, and then she put her forehead against the cool metal of the door knocker.

This was silly. She didn't even know if there would be a letter, and Gail would never open her mail. She had to stop letting this stuff wear on her nerves. She took a deep breath and pushed the door open. Gail stood in the entry hall, the creamy envelope shining in her hand as if a spotlight were directed at it.

"No telling where this one's from. Nobody writes in return addresses anymore." Gail smiled at her, "You have to help Mrs. Carls again?"

"Yea... yes." She took her mail, barely feeling Gail's brief kiss on her cheek. Her fingers on the bond were stark white.

"You know, we should get away one weekend soon. I feel like we've barely talked in weeks." Gail was looking at her. She couldn't open the card now. She shoved all her mail together into her bag.

"That would be nice. Did you... did you get your check from Marcie?"

"No, no." Gail went irritably through the rest of the stack of bills and notices. "She'd better get that here soon, or I'm going to have to call her."

"What do you want to do about dinner?"

Downstairs then, safely.

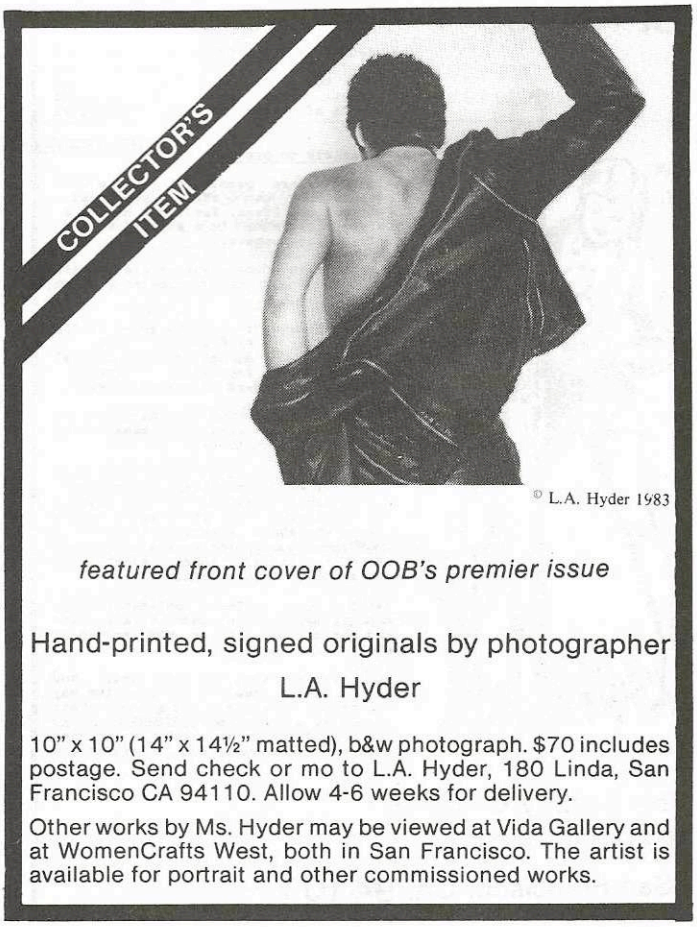
"You needn't be so nervous. Nothing is going to happen to you that you will not enjoy, or learn to enjoy."

Friday she took the day off.

She made an extra pot of coffee and sat down at the kitchen table. The letters spread out on the tablecloth showed how often they had been read. She sat there, drank coffee and occasionally read one again. So incredibly frightening, but also fascinating. It was a game well played anyway. It could have been funny except that it felt so terribly serious to her. Each was, after all, as exciting as it was frightening, and that said something about her that she had never before acknowledged. It named her in a language she had never dared speak.

Her lower back ached. She put her head back and rubbed her temples. The edges of each sheet on the table showed clearly how moist her hands had become holding them, with her eyelids lowered, she

Continued on page 42



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- Interview with sexual pioneer Sally Binford
- Feature photo spread by Sean Reynolds
- Artist Laurie White talks about her work, sex and politics

. . . and much, much more!

ANONYMOUS LETTERS

watched the sunlight move into the room and across the table. It was time finally to sort all this out, to stop this endless flight of terror and simply face what was going on here. She arched her back and took slow careful breaths, but then stiffened at a sudden thought.

What it no more letters came? What if she never got another one, never got a clue to who had sent them, never got an answer to this?

She might go crazy. She really might.

The mailman was right on time. She watched him walk away before going out, checked the street to see if anyone else was around. No one was there. In the box there were two magazine renewals, a letter from her sister, and another anonymous envelope. She put the others down and took that one back to the kitchen.

She laid the envelope in the center of the table, took up the coffeepot and relit the stove. She'd been handling this badly, she told herself again. All she had to do was treat the whole thing as a joke, mention in casually to Gail, a few others. Someone would betray themselves. It had to be someone close.

The envelope lay in the middle of the table.

How would she manage to mention it casually?

"I've been getting these funny letters... weird letters... frightening letters?" What would she say when they asked her what was in them?

Maybe she shouldn't say anything. Maybe she should throw them away?

She poured another cup of coffee, sat down again and took up the envelope. She used a butter knife to slit it open. The paper inside was slightly different this time — a heavier weave of bond, stiffer. In the center was an address, at the bottom one line.

"Come on Sunday at eleven."

"Oh my god," she sobbed and closed her eyes.

She leaned back in the chair, stroked the edges of the card. The white paper, smudged from her fingertips, shown in the sunlight from the back windows. After a moment, she propped her feet up on the table, and pushed her right hand down inside her jeans.

Wouldn't she go? ◄

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JANUS exists to provide:

A forum where people of all erotic persuasions can share practical information, ideas, feelings, health & safety tips, etc. in a supportive and unloaded atmosphere.

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are just that, myths; and have nothing to do with the real life behavior of actual S/M practitioners.

JANUS is NOT an orgy club. JANUS does not offer dating services, sex parties, professional sessions or sex theater for voyeuers. It IS a space where people who share a serious interest in Dominance, Submission & sensual explorstion can gather, share experiences and exchange information.

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READERSHIP SURVEY

WHO'S READING **ON OUR BACKS**?

Those early days in relationships, the discovery phase, are both exciting and tedious . . . Wanting and needing to know EVERYTHING — her panty size, how she likes her eggs, all the details about what turns her on in EVERY WAY. . . Wanting EVERYTHING TO BE JUST RIGHT! That's exactly how we've felt during these early days of our relationship with OOB's readers. Many have been generous and cooperative enough to fill out and return the Readership Survey that appeared in the Premier issue. We're eager to tell you what we know about who's reading ON OUR BACKS.

We've heard from women all across the country, most of whom live in urban areas, and who range in age from 21-45. These readers report a full range of educational backgrounds and a full range of incomes with about 30% reporting an average income of $15-25,000. Over 80% reported highly active sex lives, masturbating and/or having sex with other women more than once a week. Over 90% reeported rarely or never having sex with men. Over 25% reported being single for 6 mo.-1 yr. and another 25% reported being coupled for 1-5 yrs. Of course, we asked for lots of our readers reactions to OOB and have taken those reactions into consideration in planning this and future issues of OOB.

If you haven't yet given us a chance to get to know you, please take the time to complete and return this issue's survey. We want to know who you are and just what turns you on!

RESIDENCE:

	URBAN	*RURAL*
U.S.A.: East	☐	☐
West	☐	☐
Midwest	☐	☐
South	☐	☐
Canada	☐	☐
Other	☐	☐

EDUCATION:

- ☐ High School
- College:
- ☐ 2 years
- ☐ 4 years
- ☐ Grad School

AGE:

- ☐ 18-20
- ☐ 21-30
- ☐ 31-45
- ☐ 45-64
- ☐ 65+

INCOME:

- ☐ 0-$8,000
- ☐ 8,001-15,000
- ☐ 15,001-25,000
- ☐ 25,001+

RACE: _____

SEXUAL ACTIVITY (Check as many boxes as apply):

		RARE / NEVER	**ABOUT ONCE A MONTH**	**ABOUT ONCE A WEEK**	**ALMOST DAILY**
HAVE SEX WITH:	MYSELF	☐	☐	☐	☐
	WOMEN	☐	☐	☐	☐
	MEN	☐	☐	☐	☐
GROUP:	WOMEN ONLY	☐	☐	☐	☐
	MIXED	☐	☐	☐	☐

SEXUAL RELATIONSHIPS:

		UNDER 1 yr.	**1-5 yrs.**	**OVER 5 yrs.**
My present status is:	single, no partners:	☐	☐	☐
	single, 1 or 2 partners:	☐	☐	☐
	single, 3 or more partners:	☐	☐	☐
	coupled, no outside partners:	☐	☐	☐
	coupled, 1 or 2 partners:	☐	☐	☐
	coupled, 3 or more partners:	☐	☐	☐

READER REACTIONS:

GENERALLY SPEAKING,	**WAS A TURN-ON**	**GAVE ME NEW IDEAS**	**WAS BORING**	**WAS A TURN-OFF**
Anonymous, *Fantasy Letter*	☐	☐	☐	☐
Susie Bright's *Toys For Us*	☐	☐	☐	☐
Australian Women's Radio, *Lesbian Sex Special*	☐	☐	☐	☐
Lee Lynch's *Two Fantasies*	☐	☐	☐	☐
Barbra LaRue's *Video Lesbiana*	☐	☐	☐	☐
Deborah Henry's *Sarah Jean Harper Came Last Night*	☐	☐	☐	☐
Barbara Ruth's *Olivia*	☐	☐	☐	☐
Dorothy Allison's *Anonymous Letters*	☐	☐	☐	☐
Leather for Lesbians	☐	☐	☐	☐
Linda Smukler's *Dance*	☐	☐	☐	☐
Pat Califia's *Sexual Politics*	☐	☐	☐	☐

How many people read your copy of **ON OUR BACKS**? _____

Where did you get your copy?

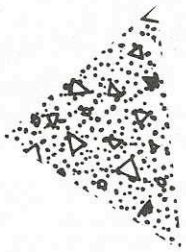
- ☐ BOOKSTORE
- ☐ NEWSTAND
- ☐ MAIL ORDER
- ☐ A FRIEND

ADDITIONAL COMMENTS

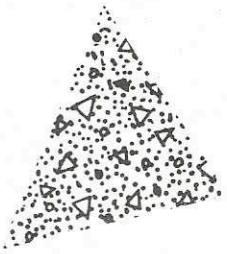
_____

_____

_____



Sex and Politics



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GCN is published by the non-profit Bromfield Street Educational Foundation.

CONTRIBUTORS

Dorothy Allison has recently published her first book of poetry: *The Women Who Hate Me*. Those who love her have found Allison's work in the anthology *Lesbian Poetry*, and feminist journals such as *Conditions* and *Off Our Backs*. Born and bred in South Carolina, she now resides in Brooklyn. ■ **Sine Anahita** is a pen and ink artist from Greensville, North Carolina. ■ **Pat Califia** is a freelance writer whose work appears in the gay and feminist press. She is the author of *Sapphistry*, a sex education book for lesbians. Currently, she is completing a book of pornographic stories. ■ **Honey Lee Cottrell** managed to get into the centerfold once again, only this time from behind the camera. Her erotic photography has appeared widely in lesbian/gay publications, and her film work is presented on Homosexuality night in adult sex education classes across the country. ■ **Morgan Gwenwald** is a photographer living in New York. Her past credits include *Coming to Power* as well as the debut issue of *On Our Backs*. ■ **Deborah Henry** is a lesbian-feminist from Chicago who believes in non-traditional roles of sexuality, among other things. ■ **L. Lanza** is a performance and visual artist who lives in Oakland with a black manx kitty and commutes to the San Francisco produce district. She has a mild sense of humor and enjoys physical exertion. ■ **Barbra LaRue** was born in Hollywood and used to live a couple doors down from Linda Lovelace. This is her first published article. ■ **Dawn Lewis** is a graduate of San Francisco Art Institute, and a former artist-in-residence of the New Jersey State Art Council. She currently lives and paints in San Francisco. She has had shows at two womens' art galleries: Vida Gallery and Studio W. ■ **Lee Lynch** has published a novel, *Toothpick House*, a collection of short stories, *Old Dyke Tales*, and her upcoming work, *Swashbuckler*, through Naiad Press. ■ **Jackie Randall** is a Baltimore lesbian artist. ■ **Sean Reynolds** is a working writer and photojournalist from Chicago now living in San Francisco. Her most recent work can be seen in *Coming Up!* She likes films by Fassbinder and Wertmueller, drinks de-caf and hates health food. ■ **Jerri Ross** is from Illinois and loves *On Our Backs*. We wish we knew more about her. ■ **Barbara Ruth** lives in Oakland, Ca., half-way down the block. Although primarily a femme bottom she's been known to be sexually eclectic in a pinch. ■ **Linda Smuckler** is lesbian born and raised in the suburbs of Cleveland. She feels that writing honestly about sex, from sex, and through sex is a continuous and necessary challenge. ■ **Laurie White**, now of San Francisco, received an M.F.A. degree at the University of Pennsylvania in 1978. Her graphic credits include publication in *Big Mama Rag*, *Off Our Backs*, and *The Lesbian Inciter*.

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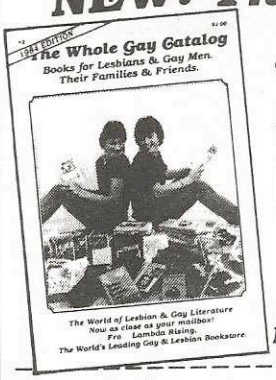
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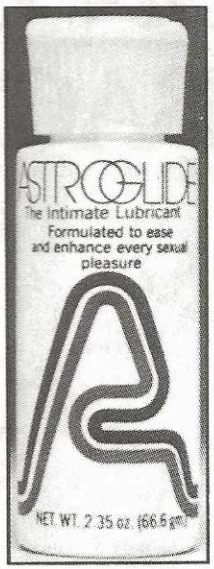

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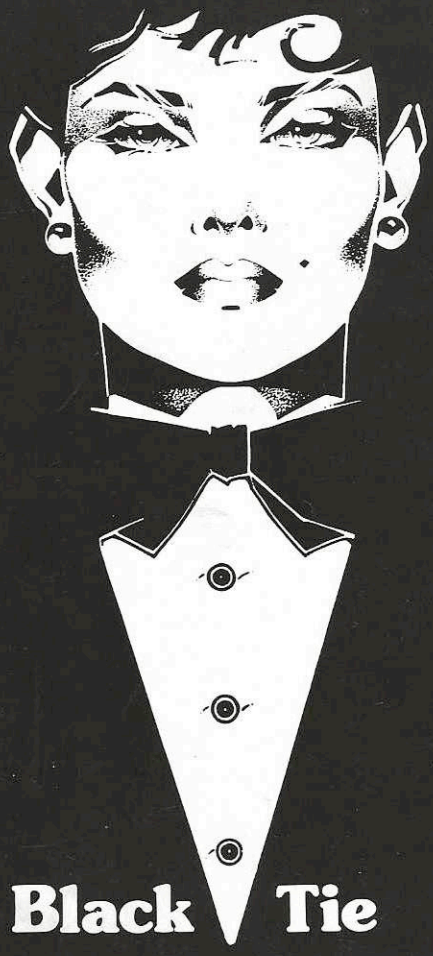

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